

11822. pp 1.
1066. L. 24

White-Hart in Pater-Noster-Row, London, Nov. 28, 1750.

UPON the Publication of the Rev. Mr. DOUGLAS's *Defence of Milton*, in Answer to LAUDER, we immediately sent to LAUDER, and insisted upon his clearing himself from the Charge of Forgery, which Mr. DOUGLAS has brought against him, by producing the Books in-Question.

He has this Day admitted the Charge, but with great Insensibility.

We therefore disclaim all Connexion with him, and shall for the future sell his Book only as a Master-piece of Fraud, which the Public may be supplied with at 2s. 6d. stitched.

JOHN PAYNE,
JOSEPH BOUQUET.

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JOSEPH BOUQUET.

1 389 10

AN
ESSAY
ON
MILTON'S
USE
AND
IMITATION
OF THE
MODERNS,
IN HIS
PARADISE LOST.

R. Lander
THINGS UNATTEMPTED YET IN PROSE
OR RHIME. MILTON.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. PAYNE and J. BOUQUET,
IN PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

MDCCL.

14



TO
THE LEARNED
UNIVERSITIES
OF
OXFORD
AND
CAMBRIDGE,

THIS ESSAY
IS
MOST RESPECTFULLY
INSCRIBED AND SUBMITTED

BY
THEIR
MOST OBEDIENT AND
VERY HUMBLE SERVANT

WILLIAM LAUDER.

TO
THE LEARNED
OF THE
UNIVERSITIES
OF
P R E S E N T
O X F O R D

It is now more than a century since
the Paracelsus first having been through
C. A. M. which the university
its author for a time observed it has attached
the general education mankind, who have
endeavouring to counter the error of their
that neglect by mistakes and doubts
veneration. There seems to have arisen a con-
test among men of genius and literature, who
should most advance its honour, or best di-
tinguish its beauties. Some have reviled ed-
itions, others have published commentaries, and
all have endeavoured to make their particular
theses, in some degree, subservient to this ge-
neral conclusion.

AMONG the disputes, to which this subject
of criticism has naturally given occasion, none
is more curious, than of more worthy of re-
mark.



T H E

P R E F A C E.

IT is now more than half a century, since the *PARADISE LOST*, having broke through the cloud, with which the unpopularity of its author for a time obscured it, has attracted the general admiration of mankind; who have endeavoured to compensate the error of their first neglect, by lavish praises and boundless veneration. There seems to have arisen a contest, among men of genius and literature, who should most advance its honour, or best distinguish its beauties. Some have revised editions, others have published commentaries, and all have endeavoured, to make their particular studies, in some degree, subservient to this general emulation.

AMONG the inquiries, to which this ardour of criticism has naturally given occasion, none is more obscure in itself, or more worthy of ra-

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tional curiosity, than a retrospection of the progress of this mighty genius, in the construction of his work; a view of the fabric gradually rising, perhaps from small beginnings, till its foundation rests in the centre, and its turrets sparkle in the skies; to trace back the structure, through all its varieties, to the simplicity of its first plan; to find what was first projected, whence the scheme was taken, how it was improved, by what assistance it was executed, and from what stores the materials were collected, whether its founder dug them from the quarries of nature, or demolished other buildings to embellish his own.

THIS inquiry has been indeed not wholly neglected, nor, perhaps, prosecuted with the care and diligence that it deserves. Several critics have offered their conjectures; but none have much endeavoured to enforce or ascertain them. Mr. VOLTAIRE tells us, without proof, that the first hint of PARADISE LOST was taken from a farce called ADAMO, written by a player; Dr. PEARCE, that it was derived from an ITALIAN tragedy, called IL PARADISO PERSO; and Mr. PECK, that it was borrowed from a wild romance. Any of these conjectures may possibly be true, but, as they stand without sufficient proof, it must be granted, likewise, that they may

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may all possibly be false; at least they cannot preclude any other opinion, which, without argument, has the same claim to credit, and may, perhaps, be shewn, by irresistible evidence, to be better founded.

IT is related, by steady and uncontroverted tradition, that the PARADISE LOST was at first a TRAGEDY, and, therefore, amongst tragedies the first hint is properly to be sought. In a manuscript, published from MILTON's own hand, among a great number of subjects for tragedy, is ADAM UNPARADISED, or ADAM IN EXILE; and this, therefore, may be justly supposed the embryo of this great poem. As it is observable, that all these subjects had been treated by others, the manuscript can be supposed nothing more, than a memorial or catalogue of plays, which, for some reason, the writer thought worthy of his attention. When, therefore, I had observed, that ADAM IN EXILE was named amongst them, I doubted not but, in finding the original of that tragedy, I should disclose the genuine source of PARADISE LOST. Nor was my expectation disappointed; for, having procured the ADAMUS EXSUL of GROTIUS, I found, or imagined myself to find, the first draught, the PRIMA STAMINA of this wonderful poem.

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HAVING thus traced the ORIGINAL of this work, I was naturally induced to continue my search to the COLLATERAL RELATIONS, which it might be supposed to have contracted, in its progress to MATURITY: and having, at least, persuaded my own judgment, that the search has not been intirely ineffectual, I now lay the result of my labours before the public; with full conviction, that, in questions of this kind, the world cannot be MISTAKEN, at least cannot long continue in ERROR.

I CANNOT avoid acknowledging the CANDOUR of the author of that excellent monthly book, the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, in giving admission to the specimens in favour of this argument; and his IMPARTIALITY, in as freely inserting the several answers. I shall here subjoin some EXTRACTS from the xvii. volume of this work, which I think suitable to my purpose. To which I have added, in order to obviate every pretence for cavil, a LIST of the authors quoted in the following ESSAY, with their respective DATES, in comparison with the DATE of PARADISE LOST.



E X-



A NEW
P R E F A C E
BY THE
BOOKSELLERS.

THE encouragement which Mr. LAUDER at first met with, was owing solely to the nature of the discovery which he pretended to have made, and not to the steps that led him to it, or his motives for the prosecution of it, or to any opinion, either of his taste, his knowledge, or his prudence. Nor did his discovery come recommended by any other circumstance but novelty and singularity; for it was then sufficiently evident, that nothing more could be produced by the establishment of its reality, than a knowledge of MILTON's resources; resources which many supposed him to have had, and which all must allow him the liberty of applying to, without any diminution of his poetical character.

THE question, then, appeared to be only about the single fact, whether these resources were MILTON's or not; and, in this light, LAUDER was supported in the publication of his evidences for the affirmative. But these evidences were supposed to be genuine, and faithfully produced: the manuscript copies of MASENIUS and GROTIUS were transmitted
from

from Louvain and Leyden to a different person, in whose hands they remained for some time; and they were frequently inspected with a professed design to expose the weakness of their testimony: and this, added to a persuasion of LAUDER's honesty, at least of his want of capacity to contrive and execute a fraud, precluded all suspicion of abuse and interpolation. But the inferences which he draws from his doctrine, in impeachment of MILTON's moral character, produced an opinion of his integrity: for though these inferences were not likely to extend their influence, as they appear at first sight to be the decisions of a weak and distempered judgment, yet they are made with great indignation and bitterness; and it was not possible to conceive, that a man could even think of supporting so bold a charge of dishonesty and secret dealing, by actual fraud, and the violation of every duty which an author in his circumstances was obliged to practise.

AFTER ten months insolent triumph, the Reverend Mr. DOUGLAS has favoured the world with a detection of this scene of villainy; and has so powerfully urged his proofs, that no hope was left of invalidating them, but the last and least, of a variation between the several editions of these books from which LAUDER has selected his authorities.

AN immediate application to LAUDER was, however, necessary, as well to justify ourselves, as to remove or confirm the charge. Accordingly we acquainted him, "That if he did not instantly put into our hands the books from which he had taken the principal controverted passages, namely, MASENII SARCOTIS, STARHORSTII TRIUMPHUS PACIS, TAUBMANNI BELLUM ANGELICUM, FLETCHERI LOCUSTÆ, and FOXÆI CHRISTUS TRIUMPHANS, we would publicly disclaim all connexion with him, and expose his declining the only step left for his defence."

THIS declaration brought him to us the following day, when, with great confidence, he acknowledged the interpolation of all the books abovementioned, and seemed to wonder at the folly of mankind, in making such an extravagant rout about eighteen or twenty lines.

As this man, then, has been guilty of such a wicked imposition upon us, our friends, and the public, and is capable of so daring an avowal of it *; we declare, that we will have no further intercourse with him, and that we now sell his book only as A CURIOSITY OF FRAUD AND INTERPOLATION, which all the ages of literature cannot parallel,

London, Dec. 1,

JOHN PAYNE.

— 1750. — JOSEPH BOUQUET.

THE following passages in the ESSAY are literally transcribed from Mr. WILLIAM HOG's Latin Translation of the PARADISE LOST.

Page 43. *Quadrupedi pugnat quadrupes, &c.*—pretended to be taken from MASENIUS. 8 lines.

Page 104. *Auspice te, fugiens, &c.*—incorporated with a passage from STAPHORSTIUS, and printed in Italic characters, to point out the strength of the resemblance.— 8 lines.

Page 110. *Te primum, &c.*—inserted in a passage from STAPHORSTIUS, is taken literally from HOG, except the variation from *hunc* to *te*. — — — — 1 line.

Page 116. The interpolation of the passage from Fox's CHRISTUS TRIUMPHANS, *Tu, Psychephone!* &c.—will appear from the passage as it stands in three editions of Fox, viz.

— — *Tu Psychephone*
Hypocrisis esto, hoc sub Francisci pallio.
Tu Thanate, Martyromastix re & nomine sis

* We have since been informed, that Mr. LAUDER has discovered some remorse for his behaviour; and that he intends to print a recantation, in which he is to acknowledge all his forgeries, and beg pardon of the public. As we are not influenced by passion in any representation that we have given of Mr. LAUDER, we would not, by suppressing this circumstance, deprive him of any advantage which the knowledge of it is calculated to procure him.

Page 125. *In promptu causa est: superest invicta voluntas, Immortale odium, vindictæ & sæva cupido.*—inserted in a passage from FLETCHER, are not in the edition of 1627.—But *voluntas*, and *immortale odium*, are in HOG's Translation of that passage in MILTON which LAUDER brings in comparison with this.

Page 132. Three lines, viz. *Scilicet, &c.—Cœlitibus, &c.—Et cogar æternum, &c.*—inserted in a speech from TAUBMAN, are not in the *Leipfig* edition.

Page 152. *Throni, dominationes, principatus, virtutes, potestates*, is said to be a line borrowed by MILTON from the title-page of HEYWOOD's HIERARCHY OF ANGELS. But there are more words in HEYWOOD's title; and, according to his own arrangement of his subjects, they should be read thus:—*Seraphim, Cherubim, Throni, Potestates, Virtutes, Angeli, Archangeli, Principatus, Dominationes.*



BRITISH
MUSEUM

EXTRACTS.

I.

IN your magazine, for January last, I observed AN ESSAY ON MILTON'S IMITATION OF THE MODERNS, with which I confess I was agreeably entertained, as well upon account of the great novelty of the subject at this time of day, as the extraordinary nature of the discovery to the admirers of MILTON. If the author, whoever he is, will be so kind as to communicate to the world specimens from those writers, which, he says, remain in his possession; this, in my opinion, would be the most effectual way, both to ascertain his discovery, if real, and to oblige such of the LITERATI as may think themselves concerned, to vindicate our MILTON, so far as he justly may be vindicated, and consequently examine the validity of what is offered to the learned world.

By the specimen from the GERMAN jesuit, I find more than thirty heads which appear constituent parts of MILTON's Paradise Lost; but, as the DISCOVERER has only exhibited the heads, without shewing in what manner the jesuit has executed them, it is certainly more just to both sides, to suspend one's opinion till this is done, than draw harsh conclusions from truths not yet produced to view. Before I conclude, I cannot forbear to remark, that this gentleman

EXTRACTS.

man has either been more fortunate than others, in falling upon what appears plausible at least, or his superior judgment, and extensive reading of books upon sacred subjects, has given him this ascendant.—I impatiently wait to see the sequel of his productions. *Temple Bar, Feb. 20, 1746-7.*

II.

I APPREHEND that all gentlemen of taste will esteem themselves indebted to the person, who has obliged the world with the abstracts from MASENIUS, and so happily traced the resemblance betwixt him and the father of our ENGLISH poetry.—It is certainly the business of every genius, to adopt and improve useful hints from the observations of others, equally as from his own private reflections; and doubtless MASENIUS likewise, in his description of Paradise, consulted and borrowed from the gardens of ALCINOUS, and the ÆEAN groves, in the 7th and 12th books of the ODYSSEY, to enrich his poem. Nor is it unlikely that even HOMER himself improved his immortal works from preceding epics of other nations, if their existence could be traced; for it is not to be supposed that a piece, so exquisitely finished, was the product and invention of one man, and so early too, had his genius been greater than it was. Poetry requires the most extensive faculties, an uncommon sublimity of conception, and a very warm imagination, with great regulation of judgment to retrench exuberances; and where this last is absent, the luxuriance of fancy is still preferable to sterility, as far as superfluity to want. MASENIUS may seem to have erred on the more excusable side; but the delicacy of his style, the harmony of his numbers, and the great choice of his epithets, several of which are singular, ought to plead in his behalf, and palliate trifles.

PLAYING

EXTRACTS.

PLAYING upon words is a principal objection to MILTON's style; 'tis likely he copied this learned jesuit in that too. It was certainly the epidemical disease of the times, which induced them to indulge it, and from which VIRGIL himself is not free, though very rarely using it. MASENIUS puts two very near together.

Inviolatus honos violæ est—

And immediately,

Nullus hyperboreo Boreas, &c.

I LONG to see the other citations promised, but am at such distance, that I have not the pleasure of the magazine, 'till sometimes a month or two after its publication in London.

G. S. Carlisle.

III.

The following letter was written by

THE RECTOR OF S. MIG. BASSISHAW.

I HAVE attended to some specimens, that you have lately published, from some modern authors, upon similar subjects with MILTON's PARADISE LOST; and I must own that they strike me very much. Some of them are truly sublime, and contain nearly the same sentiments with him; and others of them are so exactly the same, that some passages in MILTON might pass for a just translation. It is true that several persons, thinking upon the same subject, must naturally fall into the same thoughts; for, if they think justly, they must see the same propositions, and arrive at the same conclusions, though not in the same method;

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method; but then I believe, they will hardly hit upon the same images or similes, to illustrate their thoughts; for there is no natural connection between a subject and them. For as the mind may range through the whole material world, to find something to describe or paint its notions, it is by great chance if the fancies of different persons fall upon the same picture; there is indeed a possibility of it, but I believe it cannot frequently happen. And for this reason I am inclined to think, that MILTON must have seen those authors, and that he freely borrowed some thoughts and images from them. I do not condemn him for it; but perhaps it had been better, if he had mentioned their names, and made some acknowledgment. I believe all authors, that arrive at any perfection upon any subject, must have considered what others have said before them, and improved upon their notions. It can hardly be thought, that HOMER himself, or indeed any of mankind, could have finished so noble a work, if there had not been variety of poetic authors before him, from whom he might collect and improve his fancy, and who are now lost in oblivion. And that this is not bare conjecture, appears from hence, that there are some lines in his ILIAD, and in HESIOD, exactly the same, which they both must have copied from the same original; for it cannot be thought, that either of two contemporary poets, jealous of each other, as antiquity represents them, would have lessened his glory, and submitted to take from the other. But this does not detract from the genius and character of HOMER; it only allows that there were other great men before him, and that his work was the more perfect for it: and so of our MILTON it may be said, that it does not diminish

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minish his praise, that he has taken from excellent writers before him; perhaps no genius could have made so perfect a work without them. There is indeed great merit due to them; but we must allow him the greatest share, as from their materials he formed so noble a system. An ENGLISHMAN indeed, who has never read such authors, stands amazed at the stupendous performance, as he imagines something divine in the poet who finished it without any assistance from others; but when he is convinced, that he has taken freely from them, it will only alter his superstitious opinion, and not diminish his reasonable regard; and this may be the best reason that can be given, for so great a difference that there is between this work, and his piece of PARADISE REGAINED. In the first he was greatly obliged to others, but in the last he could have no assistance from any, though the nature of the subject was at least equally favourable. For no man can persuade me, but that the glory of a VICTORY, such as the REGAINING OF PARADISE, may be described with at least as noble and majestic figures, as a DEFEAT, which the LOSING OF PARADISE may be justly considered. And it will farther help us to account easily, why he himself, as it is said, esteemed the PARADISE REGAINED more than the other; for, generally, we see parents are most fond of their genuine offspring.

Now, sir, in this view I look upon the attempt of your correspondent to be very curious, as it shows the gradual rise of the greatest things to their utmost perfection, and discovers that the works of the best authors often excel, in proportion to the value of others on the same subject before them.

EXTRACTS.

them. And, in my opinion, this gentleman has succeeded so far, that he deserves the applause of the public. Prejudice will be so great in many that they will not listen to him, as they imagine that he derogates from the glory of their favourite; but surely truth is not to be suppressed, in complaisance to any name whatsoever. It is true the notion is new, as MILTON's fame has not been disturbed these fourscore years; and, as all new things are, it must be attacked and cavilled at, either from the ignorance, or prejudice of mankind: and, therefore, it is not to be expected, in this case, that men will easily change their opinion; nor is it of any consequence if they do. For if it should come out, that he is not so much an original author as was formerly believed, where is the damage to the public, and in what does the character of the ENGLISH genius suffer? Are there not monuments enough of it besides him? It may indeed be said, that in all the quotations that are given us from those authors, there are few that will force us strictly to conclude, that MILTON has taken from them: but then it is to be remembered that, when they are considered all together, they make a strong proof that he has at least seen them, and that they gave birth to many of his descriptions: for in any case, from many presumptions collected in one view, though each considered singly by it self is slight and inconclusive, there will at length arise in the whole sufficient evidence for the fact. If it be confessed, from plain proof, that MILTON has taken many things from the antients, why should not as good evidence make us equally conclude, that he has likewise borrowed from the moderns? To be partial with regard to these is unreasonable, and it favours of caprice and superstition. If I may speak freely,

E X T R A C T S.

I think there is as strong proof given, that he has taken some things from MASENIUS, RAMSAY, and the ADAMUS EXSUL of GROTIUS, as that VIRGIL has copied from HOMER; and foreigners, who have no national attachment to him, will not hesitate in the one case, more than in the other. For if we see some of the same images and descriptions in VIRGIL, that we observed in HOMER, and conclude, from thence, that he has copied them; why may not we, likewise, when we see the same things in those MODERN AUTHORS, that we admire in MILTON, justly say that he has taken from them? I could venture the issue of the whole cause, upon the * simile of a ship working into port against wind, to illustrate SATAN's addressing EVE. For it seems to me to be next to impossible, that two authors could have fallen on so remarkable a description, that has no necessary connection with the subject. I will not hesitate to say, that I am sure MILTON has taken this from RAMSAY; and if he has ventured to take so remarkable a figure, it is natural to think, that he would deal more freely with those that were not so liable to be traced. This brings to my mind a pleasant story of two famous mathematicians, told by Dr. WALLIS, and with which I shall conclude my letter. Mr. HARRIOT was author of a great discovery in algebra, which he printed at LONDON; and afterwards M. DES CARTES published his geometry, in which he inserted the same invention, without taking any notice from whom he had it, and for which he was admired by all the foreigners who had not seen the other. Some time after, sir CHARLES CAVENDISH, brother to the first duke of NEWCASTLE, who was well skilled in mathematics, was

* See the essay, p. 99.

EXTRACTS.

at PARIS. And he discoursing there with Mr. ROBERVAL, a famous geometer, concerning that piece of DES CARTES then lately published, "I admire, saith ROBERVAL, that notion of DES CARTES, of putting over the whole equation to one side, making it equal to nothing, and how he lighted upon it." "The reason why you admire it, saith sir CHARLES, is because you are a FRENCHMAN; for if you were an ENGLISHMAN, you would not admire it." "Why so? replied ROBERVAL." "Because, saith sir CHARLES, we in ENGLAND know whence he had it, namely from HARRIOT's algebra." "What book is that? saith ROBERVAL, I never saw it." "Next time you come to my chamber, saith sir CHARLES, I will shew it you." Which some time after he did; and upon perusal of it M. ROBERVAL exclaimed with admiration, "IL L'A VEU! IL L'A VEU, he had seen it, he had seen it." Finding all that in HARRIOT which he had before admired in DES CARTES,—and not doubting but that DES CARTES had it from thence. The application I leave to your readers, and, in the mean time, *I am,*
London, June 23. 1747. Sir, your humble servant, W. B.

I shall take the liberty to add the following.

IV.

To the objection "that MASENIUS's work was published after MILTON's was begun," it may be answered, that Mr. RICHARDSON, in his LIFE OF MILTON, says expressly, that he did not assiduously apply himself to that work till 1660, when his leisure for such an undertaking commenced, being then divested of his public employments; and that even the plan of it was not formed sooner than 1654, the
very

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very year in which MASENIUS's work first appeared, and which, together with two or three pieces more, much to the same purpose, seems to have determined him, long fluctuating, to the choice of PARADISE LOST for the subject of his intended ENGLISH EPIC.

BUT granting that MILTON began his poem, in the year of his blindness 1650; as MASENIUS's work appeared in 1654, and the PARADISE LOST not in MANUSCRIPT till 1665, MILTON had eleven years to take advantage of the jesuit's performance. And I cannot forbear to observe here, that it is much more probable that he did so in those places, where the resemblance is indisputable and striking, than that such a resemblance should be the effect of mere accident; for it cannot be pretended, with any shew of reason, that the same thoughts and expressions were equally and necessarily suggested to both writers, by their COMMON SUBJECT, when they occur in the machinery of the poem; because this, as it is wholly fictitious, could have no other origin than the luxuriance of a poet's imagination.

THE least degree of prepollent probability must, therefore, determine the judgment of an impartial mind: it must be admitted, that as MILTON was plainly an imitator of MASENIUS, in that part which is arbitrary and indeterminate, so likewise the passages, which might possibly have been suggested to them both by their subject, were more probably copied by the latter writer.

To the other objection, "that if MILTON was so apparent an imitator, he would probably have been long since detected by some one among his numerous enemies, many of whom had zeal and abilities equal to the work;" to this, I say, it may

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may be replied, that those authors, to whom MILTON is indebted, have ever been very scarce. MASENIUS's poem, and the ADAMUS EXUL of GROTIUS, particularly, seem to have been almost unknown in ENGLAND; nor is it difficult to assign the reason: MODERN LATIN POETRY, on sacred subjects, was, more especially at that period, less likely to be read than any other kind of literature, the best of it being incontestably of an inferior class, with respect to the purity and elegance of the language, and the harmony of the numbers; and, at the same time, the subject was less likely, than any other, to atone for the defects in language, when libertinism was patronized at court, and all the fashionable wit was of the dissolute kind. And it is probable, that even MILTON himself would never have taken the trouble, either to procure or read these pieces, but with a view to find materials for his own undertaking. It must be remembered too, that as he was LATIN SECRETARY for foreign affairs to O. CROMWEL, when MASENIUS's work was published, he was more likely, by reason of his extensive correspondence with men of letters abroad, to hear of this work, and could more easily procure it, than ANY OTHER MAN.



DATES

D A T E S
OF THE
A U T H O R S
QUOTED IN THE
E S S A Y,
IN COMPARISON WITH THE
D A T E
OF
PARADISE LOST.

- J. F. QUINTIANI CHRISTIANA } A.D. Page
 OPERA; IN QUIBUS, THEO- } Par. 1514 cxvi
 CRISIS, TRAGOEDIA.
- JOANNIS FOX CHRISTUS TRI- }
 UMPHANS, COMOEDIA APO- } Basil. 1556 cxv
 CALYPTICA.
- MANTUANI ECLOGÆ: TRAN- }
 SLATED BY GEORGE TUR- } Lond. 1567 clii
 BERVILLE.
- THEODORI BEZÆ ABRAHAMUS }
 SACRIFICANS. } Amst. 1599 cxix
- HUGONIS GROTII ADAMUS EX- }
 SUL. } Hagæ. 1601 xlvii
- FRIDERICI TAUBMANNI EPU- }
 LUM MUSÆUM; IN QUO BEL- } Lips. 1604 cxxix
 LUM ANGELICUM.
- DU BARTAS HIS DIVINE }
 WEEKS AND WORKS; TRAN- } Lond. 1604 cxxxviii
 SLATED BY JOSHUA SYLVES- }
 TER.
- ANDRÆ RAMSÆI POEMATATA }
 SACRA. } Edinb. 1633 lxxiv
- CAROLI MALAPERTII POEMA- }
 TA; IN QUIBUS, SEDECHIAS, } Antv. 1634 cxx
 TRAGOEDIA.
- HEYWOOD'S HIERARCHY OF }
 THE BLESSED ANGELS, } Lond. 1635 clii
 THEIR NAMES, ORDERS, AND }
 OFFICES; THE FALL OF LU- }
 CIFER WITH HIS ANGELS.
- D. HEINSII POEMATATA; IN QUI- }
 BUS, HERODES INFANTICI- } Amst. 1636 cxxi
 DA, TRAGOEDIA.

ALEXANDRI ROSSÆI VIRGILI- } A.D. Page
US EVANGELIZANS. } Lond. 1638 xciv

PETRI MOLINÆI IN SYMBO- }
LUM APOSTOLORUM HYMNI } Ibid. 1640 cxlii
TREDECIM. }

PHINÆ FLETCHERI LOCUS- }
TÆ, VEL PIETAS JESUITICA. } circa 1640 cxxiv

BUCHANANI BAPTISTES, }
TRANSLATED BY MILTON, } Lond. 1641 cxxv
AND PUBLISHED }

CASPARIS BARLÆI POEMAT, }
QUARTO. } Dord. 1643 cxi

JACOBI MASENII PALÆSTRA }
LIGATÆ ELOQUENTIÆ; IN }
QUA, SARCOTIDOS LIBRI } Colon. 1654 ii
QUINQUE. }

CASPARIS STAPHORSTII TRI- }
UMPHUS PACIS, SIVE CAR- }
MEN EPINICIUM ET PRO- }
TREPTICUM, DE BELLO, BA- } Dord. 1655 cii
TAVOS INTER ET ANGLOS, }
FELICITER CONFECTO, AN- }
NO 1655. }

PARADISE LOST.

MR. RICHARDSON conjectures, }
that MILTON entered upon } ANNO 1654
this poem, }
And that is was shewn, as done, 1665

Mr.



Mr. PECK says, that when the plague began to increase in London, in 1665, Mr. ELWOOD, the quaker, took a house for our author and his family, at S. Giles Chalfont, in Bucks. There it was that, his PARADISE LOST being now finished, MILTON lent Mr. ELWOOD the MANUSCRIPT of his poem, in order [that he] might read it over, and give him his judgment of it.

ANNO 1665

PECK's new memoirs of Mr. JOHN MILTON, p. 70.

Mr. FENTON says, that MILTON's contract with his bookseller, S. SIMMONS, for the copy, bears date 27 April,

1667

And the FIRST EDITION, in ten books, appeared

THE SAME YEAR.

ERRATA.

PAGE 24. l. *antepenult*, dele (and *Buchanan* and *Phineas Fletcher*, whom I shall cite afterwards to prevent confusion)

P. 32. l. *penult*. for *rends*, read *rives*.

P. 40. l. 15. for *suspence* read *suspence*.

P. 78. l. 20. for *Arcuit*, read *Arcuat*.

P. 87. l. 2. for *in*, read *of*.

P. 93. reference at the bottom. for *see appendix*, read *see extrañ N° III*.

P. 97. l. 14. for *Cressia*, read *Cressia*.

P. 108. l. 5, 6. for *ablutely*, read *absolutely*.

P. 110. l. 6. for *limine*, read *lumine*.

P. 124. l. 24. for *fraëtris*, read *fractis*.

P. 147. l. *penult*. for *Elops*, read *Ellops*.

P. 160. l. 11. for *aurcá*, read *arcá*.

ADVER.



ADVERTISEMENT.

Gentlemen, who are desirous to secure their children from ill examples by a domestic education, or are themselves inclined to gain or to retrieve the knowledge of the *Latin* tongue, may be waited on at their own houses by the author of the following essay, upon the receipt of a letter directed to the publisher, or the author at the corner house, the bottom of *Ayre-street, Piccadilly*.

N. B. Mr. LAUDER's abilities and industry in his profession, can be well attested by persons of the first rank in literature, in this metropolis.



On

On Tuesday, January 9th, 1750,

will be published,

Printed for J. PAYNE, and J. BOUQUET,

IN PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

I. LETTERS FROM FELICIA TO CHARLOTTE. Containing a series of the most interesting events, interspersed with moral reflections, chiefly tending to prove, that the SEEDS OF VIRTUE are implanted in the mind of every reasonable being.

VOLUME SECOND

By the author of the first volume.

II. MANNERS: a translation of LES MOEURS. Beautifully printed, with the original frontispiece neatly engraved.

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque. HOR.

The design of the author is to give an amiable representation of our duty to God, our fellow-creatures, and ourselves.



A N

AN
E S S A Y
ON
M I L T O N's
USE and I M I T A T I O N
OF THE
M O D E R N S.

A N ingenious writer having some years ago obliged the world with an essay on *Milton's* imitation of the ancients, which was very favourably received both here and at *Edinburgh*, where it was printed: I have, after his example, adventured to publish the following observations on *Milton's* imitation of the moderns; having lately fallen on four or five modern authors in *Latin* verse, whom I have reason to believe *Milton* has consulted in composing his poem, *Paradise lost*. And if my conjecture shall appear well-founded, the novelty of the subject will entitle me to the favour of the reader,

B

since

since I no way intend unjustly to derogate from the real merit of that noble poet, who certainly is entitled to a high degree of praise, for raising so beautiful a structure, even supposing all the materials were borrowed.

The first author I shall produce, as one of *Milton's* assistants, is *Jacobus Masenius*, professor of rhetoric and poetry, in the Jesuits college at *Cologne*, about the year 1650, who wrote a poem, entitled *Sarcotidos libri quinque*, consisting of about 2500 lines. The author, in his preface, observes that he did not intend it so much for a compleat model of an epic poem, as for a rude draught, or the great outlines of one to be worked up to perfection by a person of superior genius, or more leisure than himself. And it must be owned it fell into excellent hands: tho' the merit of the improvement made upon it, may admit of some diminution from the proverb, *facile est inventis addere*. *Milton* follows his steps pretty close in his two first books, in which both their subjects seem much the same. He begins to lose sight of him towards the opening of his third book, where *Masenius*, to speak truth, begins to lose himself, I mean his original plan, and instead of pursuing the fall of man, which at first he proposed, enters upon a comparison betwixt the different vices and virtues of mankind, their

opposition to, and conflicts one with another. In this way he proceeds to his conclusion, treating all along his subject with great dignity and elegance, and prefixing such long historical arguments to his five books, as alone are sufficient to serve as a plan for composing a noble epic poem, tho' he had not proceeded to illustrate the excellent rules, given in the former part of his work, which exhibits directions for writing all kinds of *Latin* poetry; and is very justly entitled, *Palæstra ligatæ eloquentiæ*. But that the reader may have a clear and distinct view of the nature and extent of the assistance which *Milton* derived from this author, I shall first exhibit his preface, together with the arguments and marginal heads to his three first books, and then, in the second place, produce some parallel passages from both poems: *Masenius* begins his preface thus,

Friendly Reader,

“ As you will find descriptions of the principal virtues, slightly touched in my panegyric on the emperor *Charles*; so you will see
“ the

Amice Lector;

Ut præcipuarum virtutum descriptiones leviori calamo exaratas in *Carolina* panegyri reperiēs; ita vitiorum imagines,

“ the pictures of vices, shadowed with greater
 “ labour, and drawn out to a more extensive
 “ length, in this my *Sarcotis*; which I com-
 “ posed chiefly, that it might be a kind of com-
 “ mon store-house of the most usual images,
 “ whence young men who are to be formed to
 “ this art, may derive subjects of delight and
 “ practice; and, like the scholars of limners, be
 “ brought gradually, by the draughts and linea-
 “ ments of single members apart, to a proper
 “ formation of the whole body. You must
 “ not therefore expect in this work a full and
 “ compleat body of *Latin* heroic poetry; for
 “ this by no means was my intention; nor blame
 “ either the frequency of my descriptions, or
 “ my care to amplify them, since I was induced
 “ to this as my principal business, that in one
 “ work

gines, majori adumbratas opere, fufiusque ductas in Sarcotide nostra reperies, ad hoc præcipue a nobis concinnata, ut plerarumque magis in poefi communium quidam quafi hortus effet; unde rudior etiamnum ætas, ad hanc disciplinam erudienda, delectationem ufumque caperet; ut quæ, tamquam pictoriæ artis discipuli, per fingulorum feorfim membrorum ductus ac lineamenta, ad corporis totius idoneam conformationem traducenda fit. Quocirca noli inprimis heroicæ poefios corpus, in hac mea Sarcotide requirere. Hoc enim, ut omnino agerem, mei instituti non fuit. Deinde, ne accuses descriptionum five frequentiam, five quæfitum amplificandi ftudium: cum id mihi præcipue faciendum duxerim, ut congestam aliquam illarum filvam, uno
 tamen

“ work I might present to general view a com-
 “ pleat collection of such images, an index of
 “ which I have given at the end of the book.
 “ I have conformed my style, as near as pos-
 “ sible, to the chastity and simplicity of *Vir-*
 “ *gil's*; who alone has properly united majesty
 “ and perspicuity, and who, when it is need-
 “ ful, can be humble without being abject,
 “ grand without swelling, learned and elegant
 “ without obscurity, and harmonious without
 “ affectation. The first neither *Ovid* nor *Si-*
 “ *lius Italicus* have sufficiently avoided; nor the
 “ second *Lucan*, the second and the third *Sta-*
 “ *tius*, nor the fourth *Claudian*.

“ I have prefixed to each book a proper ar-
 “ gument and explication, for the use and imi-
 “ tation of young students, to the more igno-
 “ rant part of whom I was desirous to afford
 “ a pretty

tamen in opere, quo eminent illustrius, proponerem. In-
 dicem omnium ad libri calcem exhibebo. Stylum propius
 ad Virgilianam modestiam, candoremque simul inflexi; ut
 qui solus pene omnium cum majestate orationis perspicua-
 ciam aptissimo nexu conciliarit; et cum necesse est, humi-
 lis sine abjectione, grandis sine tumore, rarus doctusque
 sine obscuritate, numerosus sine affectatione: Quorum
 primum non vitavit Ovidius & Silius, alterum Lucanus,
 tertiumque cum altero Statius, quartum denique Claudi-
 anus.

Argumentum & resolutionem librorum præmissi, ad stu-
 diose juventutis facilem usum imitationemque, cujus etiam
 rudioribus

“ a pretty large stock of materials, that in so
 “ wide a field of description, they may profi-
 “ tably enough lay the foundation of a greater
 “ work, to be in time wrought up to perfection.”

A SHORT HISTORICAL ARGUMENT OF THE
 FIRST BOOK, AND ANALYSIS OF THE POETRY.

THE HISTORY. God created *Adam* and
Eve, the first parents of mankind, and placed
 them in a paradise of pleasure, whose hap-
 piness the devil envying, he endeavours by his
 snares to subvert it.

THE POETRY AND FICTION. As it is proper,
 as well in an heroic poem, as in a tragedy, that
 there should be some hero or chief person,
 the poet comprehends *Adam* and *Eve* under
 the

rudioribus materiam sufficere volui; ut qui in illo descri-
 ptionum campo, majori aliquando operi præcludere utiliter
 poterunt.

ARGUMENTUM LIBRI PRIMI BREVE HISTORICUM, ET
 POESIS RESOLUTIO.

HISTORIA. Deus Adamum & Evam, humani generis pa-
 rentes, condidit, atque in Paradiso voluptatis collocavit;
 quorum felicitati cacodæmon invidens, molitur suis illam
 insidiis subvertere.

POESIS AC FICTIO. Cum in heroico carmine, tam in
 tragoedia conveniat, ut sit totius aliquis operis princeps, Ada-
 mum

the single name of *Sarcothea*, or human nature; whose antagonist, the infernal serpent, is called *Lucifer* or *Antitheus*, that is, the adversary of God. To *Sarcothea* are joined, by a *prosopopœia*, attendants and assistants—*Arete* (a Greek name) or virtue; *Agape*, or charity; *Themis*, or justice; *Elpis*, or hope; *Dianœa*, or reason and understanding; *Metanœa*, or sorrow and repentance. On the other side, with *Antitheus* are assembled the furies, guile, death, diseases, old age, labour, poverty, famine, &c. by whose intervention the whole plot, process, and issue of the action, is involved and suspended. In pursuance of this scheme, the poet feigns a trance or rapture, in which, beholding, as it were from heaven, the variable image of the whole

mum & Evam, uno Sarcotheæ, i. e. Naturæ humanæ (quam Deam carnis adpellamus) nomine poeta complectitur. Cujus antagonista est draco infernalis, Lucifer, Antitheus, id est, *Dei adversarius*. Sarcotheæ sociæ faultricesque personæ, per prosopopœam junguntur, Arete (usitato Græcis vocabulo) virtus; Agape, seu charitas; Themis, sive justitia; Elpis, sive spes; Dianœa, sive ratio ac mens; Metanœa, sive dolor ac pœnitentia. Contra, Antitheo sociantur, furia, dolus, mors, morbi, senectus, labor, paupertas, fames, &c. Quarum interventu totius rei expeditio & eventus implicatur & suspenditur. Primo itaque raptum, seu mentis excessum vates fingit, quo ex sublimi totius orbis inconstantem imaginem contemplatus fit; ut

whole world, he may from thence take occasion to inquire into the cause and nature of the evil, which is produced by the fall of human nature, and the power and subtilty of the devil. Afterwards, the poet describes the pleasantness of paradise, by the similitude of earthly things and places; displays the formation of *Sarcothea*, by figures of things well known, to whom he joins companions with proper dress and morals, explaining their studies and employments. Then he exhibits *Antitheus*, inflaming first himself with rage and envy, and next the whole infernal council with a dire oration, exciting death, diseases, care, labour, sorrow, poverty, famine, to revenge. Lastly, he paints the violence and fury, with which they all make an eruption out of hell into the world.

THE

scilicet, occasionem habeat de causa mali inquirendi, quæ ex naturæ humanæ lapsu, Dæmonisque vi ac fraude accipitur. Deinde paradisi amoenitatem ex similitudine locorum rerumque terrestrium adumbrat, tum & Sarcotheæ creationem figuris rerum cognitarum explicat, cui socias moribus atque habitu digno adtribuit, studiaque omnium exponit. Denique Antitheum, invidia iraque sese primum, tum Acherontis totius concilium dirâ oratione inflammantem exhibet, morte, morbis, curis, labore, luctu, paupertate, fame, ad ultionem excitis. Postremo, violentiam & furorem omnium, quo ex inferno in orbem irruperint, depingit.

ORNAMENTA

THE ORNAMENTS are various descriptions, as
 1. The pursuits of different men in the world,
 2. Paradise. 3. The formation of man. 4. Beautiful virgins. 5. Persons pursuing pleasures in a garden. 6. A furious being, invoking the infernal powers. 7. Death and the other furies in the train of *Antitheus*; the monstrous shape and the speeches of *Antitheus*. Finally, comparisons; 1. A potter with God in the work of creation. 2. A flower with *Sarcothea*, after her creation. 3. A beautiful woman with *Esther*, &c. 4. Spirits making an eruption out of a close prison, with bursting winds and overflowing waters.

ORNAMENTA sunt descriptiones variæ, ut 1. Hominum diversorum in orbe studia. 2. Paradisi. 3. Creationis humanæ. 4. Formosarum virginum. 5. In horto delicias sectantium. 6. Furiosi & inferos invocantis. 7. Mortis & reliquarum supra, tum & Antithei deformis species, deinde & orationes ejusdem. Denique comparationes. 1. Figuli cum Deo creante. 2. Floris cum *Sarcothea* creata. 3. Formosæ cum *Esthere*, &c. 4. Erumpentium de clauso carcere cum vento & aquis exundantibus.

MARGINAL NOTES TO BOOK I.

THE PROPOSITION. The invocation of the divine majesty. A description of the world,

NOTÆ MARGINALES AD LIBRUM PRIMUM.

PROPOSITIO. Invocatio divini numinis Orbis, & eorum quæ in orbe universim geruntur, descriptio. Paradisi descriptio.

world, and what things are transacted universally throughout the world. A description of paradise, the creation of the first man, and a description of his person. A comparison of a potter with God the creator. A comparison of a flower with man at his birth. The government of reason. The beauty of man's shape. Virtues implanted in man. His exquisite form. Delighting in gardens amongst flowers and fruits. The speech of *Lucifer*, full of envy and indignation at man's being preferred to him in point of happiness. The council of the devils, or PANDÆMONIUM. Death, diseases, old age, care, labour, grief, poverty, famine, guile. *Lucifer's* speech inflaming the devils against man. The infernal furies making an eruption out of hell. A comparison of this with winds and waters. *Lucifer's* habit and chariot.

A SHORT

scriptio. Hominis primi creatio, ejusque descriptio. Comparatio figuli cum creatore Deo. Comparatio floris cum nascente homine. Rationis imperium. Formæ pulcritudo. Virtutes homini adjunctæ. Forma rara. In pratis deliciarum flores inter & fructus. Oratio Luciferi, invidi & indignantis, ob homines sibi in felicitate prælatos. Concilium inferorum, sive PANDÆMONIUM. Mors, morbi, senectus, cura, labor, luctus, paupertas, fames, dolus. Oratio Luciferi, dæmones adversus hominem inflammantis. Inferno erumpentes furæ. Comparatio ventorum & undarum cum erumpentibus per vim. Luciferi habitus & currus.

BREVIS

A SHORT ANALYSIS OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE HISTORY. The devil, deceitfully assailing man in the likeness of a serpent, persuades him to eat of the fruit forbidden by God. Man therefore, in vain endeavouring to fly from the presence of his creator, and to cover his nakedness with leaves, is punished, and expelled out of paradise, to cultivate the ground by his labour. The serpent also deservedly incurs a curse and punishment.

THE POETRY. The infernal troops are led into paradise by *Antitheus*: guile, sent before them in a feigned appearance, with a proper person and manners, leads *Sarcothea* to the forbidden tree, and to *Antitheus* lurking there treacherously under

BREVIS LIBRI SECUNDI RESOLUTIO.

HISTORIA. Cacodæmon per fraudem, hominem in serpentis specie adgressus, persuadet pomi a Deo vetiti esum. Homo igitur, frustra Dei conspectum fugiens, suamque nuditatem foliis obtegens, punitus, & de paradiso ad terram labore suo excolendam ejectus est. Serpens etiam maledictionem poenamque est promeritus.

POESIS. Educuntur ab Antitheo infernales acies in paradysum, ac præmittitur ficto habitu, personaque ac moribus instructus dolus, qui Sarcotheam ad vetitam arborem, & Antitheum illic insidiosè sub serpentis formâ latentem deducat

under the form of a serpent ; he persuades her, struck with the poisonous arrow of self-love, to eat the fruit, reason at the same time flattering the attempt. With the same council, and incited also by the miraculous language of the serpent, man being seduced, by eating of the forbidden fruit, violates the eternal law. Upon this, the earth and all the elements are troubled and undergo a change, and every evil, together with the infernal furies, invade the world. But that vanquished *Sarcothea* might not be dragged alive by *Antitheus* into hell, *Arete* or virtue, in conjunction with *Pronæa* or divine providence, opposes herself to *Antitheus*, and repels him threatening his final destruction ; but *Themis*, or justice, accusing alike the fury of *Antitheus*, and *Sarcothea*'s breach of faith, withdraws herself from the world, and is carried up into heaven.

Sarco-

cat, denique venenata amoris proprii sagitta tactam, *Dianæa*, sive ratione, blandiente, impellat. Quo consilio adductus homo, prodigioso etiam serpentis incitatus oraculo, vetiti pomi esu, divinas humanasque leges violavit. Simul orbis cum omnibus elementis turbari mutarique coeptus, simul omne malum & dæmones ab inferis in orbem effusi. Ne tamen victa *Sarcothea* ab *Antitheo* in orcum viva abstraheretur, *Arete* sese cum divina *Pronæa*, sive providentia, *Antitheo* objecit, repulitque ultimum exitium intendantem, quamquam *Themis* *Antithei* furorem & *Sarcotheæ* perfidiam adcusans, sese orbi, in cælum elata, subduxerit ;

Sarco-

Sarcothea, with *Dianœa*, or reason, reviled and contemned by *Antitheus*, endeavours to shun the presence of God, who appears to judge their crime; the last in vain assumes the character of *Metanœa* or repentance, that she might be concealed. The rest of the sisters too, especially charity, grievously wounded with affliction, expelled out of paradise, and cruelly tormented by famine, but chiefly *Sarcothea*, scarce find subsistence with *Tellus*, a severe and niggardly mistress, who consigns her over to slavery, and the wretched labours of a toilsome life.

THE ORNAMENTS. A description, 1. Of the infant world, free from storms, wars, and diseases. 2. Of guile assuming the false appearance of friendship. 3. Of one hesitating at a crime. 4. Of the world convulsed. 5. Of the conflict betwixt virtue and *Antitheus*. 6. Of
Sarco-

Sarcothea cum Dianœa, male ab Antitheo tractata, Dei inquirentis conspectum subterfugit; hæc etiam nomen Metanœæ frustra, ut lateret, sumpsit. Sorores reliquæ, præsertim Agape, multis vulneribus male tractatæ, omnes denique Paradiso exturbatæ, atque ab fame afflictæ, inprimis Sarcothea, vix hospitium apud duram parcamque dominam Tellurem repperunt, quæ servituti illam ac miseris rusticorum laboribus mancipavit.

ORNAMENTA. Descriptio. 1. Primævi orbis ab tempestate, bellis ac morbis immunis. 2. Doli fictam amoris personam adsumentis. 3. Dubitantis in scelere. 4. Concussi orbis. 5. Duelli inter Areten & Antitheum. 6. Sarcotheæ

Sarcothea and her attendants expelled out of paradise. 7. Of the afflictions of famine, and the severe earth. 8. Of *Agriculture*, and the world in a peaceable state without gold or traffic. The speeches used occasionally; 1. Of guile, persuading to eat the forbidden fruit. 2. Of virtue and justice complaining of the violence of *Antitheus*. 3. Of *Sarcothea* in despair. 4. Of God pronouncing punishment on *Sarcothea* and the serpent. 5. Of a man begging entertainment in a time of famine. Finally, the comparison of God with a shepherd seeking a lost sheep.

MARGINAL NOTES TO BOOK II.

THE world, in the beginning, free from storms, wars and diseases. *Lucifer*, by the offer of an apple, accomplishes the seduction

cothæ & comitum paradiso ejectæ. 7. Famis affligentis & duræ telluris. 8. Agriculturæ, & orbis sine auro & lucro pacati. Deinde orationes usurpatæ. 1. Doli esum pomi vetiti suadentis. 2. Aretes & Themidis de Antithei vi querentis. 3. Oratio desperantis Sarcothæ. 4. Dei Sarcothæam & serpentem punientis. 5. Hominis in fame hospitium postulantis. Denique comparatio Dei cum pastore ovem perditam quærente.

NOTÆ MARGINALES AD LIBRUM SECUNDUM.

Orbis a tempestate, bello & morbis principio immunis. *Lucifer*, oblato pomo, hominem seducendum suadet. Dolum

tion of man. Guile under the appearance of love. The oration of guile persuading to eat of the forbidden fruit. *Sarcothea*, in suspense, whether or not to disobey, at last consents. The concussion and change of the world, upon which all manner of evil breaks loose. Virtue opposes *Lucifer*, and restrains him. Combats and slaughter. Justice put to flight; her speech and complaint, upon forsaking the world. Man shuns the presence of God, entering paradise. God's powerful voice. *Sarcothea*'s speech flying to God in despair. A comparison of God with a shepherd seeking a lost sheep. The speech of the Almighty, rebuking *Sarcothea* and the serpent, and inflicting the punishment incurred. Man expelled out of paradise. The horrible picture of famine. The afflictions of famine.

lus amoris specie indutus. Oratio doli vetiti pomi esum suadentis. Dubitans in malo *Sarcothea* mox victas dat manus. Orbis concussio, ac mutatio, in quem omne malum irrupit. Virtus sese *Lucifero* opposuit, eumque repressit. Pugnae & clades. *Iustitia* fugata, ejus oratio ac querela mundum deferentis. Dei paradisum ingredientis conspectum homo fugit. Vox Dei potens. Desperantis ad Deum fugientis oratio. Comparatio Dei cum pastore ovem querente. Dei hominem ac serpentem increpantis, & punientis oratio. Homo paradiso exturbatur. Famis imago turpis. Fame adfligi. Tellus, ejusque descriptio. Oratio hominis

famine. The earth and a description of it. *Sarcothea's* prayer, imploring assistance in time of famine. Man's scanty provision for his table. Man earns his bread by tilling the ground. The first age of the world without gold, traffic or wars.

minis opem in fame implorantis. Tenuis mensæ adparatus. Homo labore rustico panem suum meretur. Terra sterilis. Ætas prima sine auro, lucro, ac bellis.

A SHORT ANALYSIS OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE HISTORY. The enemy of mankind persecutes man, and, by means of self-love, seduces him to the commission of all wickedness, and even to the worship of devils. Next to idolatry, pride usurps the chief dominion of the whole world.

THE POETRY. *Antitheus* divides the government of the whole world amongst the peers of hell in such a manner, that to himself, under the name of *Jove*, he assigns heaven, to another

BREVIS LIBRI TERTII RESOLUTIO.

HISTORIA. Hostis humani generis hominem persequitur, atque per amorem proprium ad omnia scelera, ipsorumque etiam dæmonum cultum seducit. Post idololatriam vero inprimis superbia toti orbi dominatur.

POESIS. Antitheus inter orci proceres totius mundi imperium ita partitur, ut ipse sibi, sub Jovis nomine, cælum; alteri,

ther, under the title of *Pluto*, hell; to a third, under the appellation of *Neptune*, the sea; to others, other provinces: that, the remembrance of one God being by that method effaced, they might all claim to themselves divine honours. Which purpose he intends to expedite by the marriage of *Philautus*, or Self-love, with *Sarcothea* his mother. *Philautus*, educated by *Tisiphone*, and instructed in deceit by the infernal powers, assumes the form of *Sarcothea*, as seen by her in the water. Under this appearance, she embraces him, and conceives a various issue of vices, particularly seven daughters, given afterwards in marriage to various ranks of men. Of these daughters, *Pride*, married to kings, fixed her residence in the East, where she began to rear up a magnificent kingdom, together with a palace,

alteri, sub Plutonis titulo, inferos; tertio, sub voce Neptuni, mare; aliis alia, cum summa potestate adtribuat, quo divinum sibi honorem, oblitteratâ unius Dei memoriâ, vendicent. Quod consilium per Philauti, sive amoris proprii, cum Sarcothea parente conjugium expedire statuit. Hunc, à Tisiphone educatum, & diis infernalibus ad fraudem instructum, Sarcothea in suæ formæ, sub aquis spectatæ, imagine, per Philautum animatâ, complectitur, atque ex illo variam sobolem vitiorum concipit, septem inprimis filias, vario deinde hominum generi connubio junctas. Ex quibus Superbia, regibus in matrimonium data, in oriente sedem fixit, magnificumque extollere cum palatio, vitreo funda-

lace, raised upon a brittle foundation, whence she might rule over all mankind. This government she commenced with great pomp and haughtiness, and the destruction of thousands. Boasting, Contumacy, Heresy, and Rebellion against heaven itself, hence deriving their origin, occasioned the ruin of not a few; amongst whom *Alexander* the great, *Xerxes*, and the giant-builders of the tower of *Babel*.

THE ORNAMENTS. Descriptions; 1. Of the gods of the heathens, their kingdoms and sacrifices. 2. Of the person of self-love, and of a man influenced by it. 3. Of the evils flowing from self-love. 4. Of men building a palace, its grandeur and magnificence. 5. Of Pride, her dress, form, and insolent manners. 6. Of a person boasting the nobility of his birth. 7. Of
a vaunt-

fundamento innitente, regnum coepit; unde toti humano generi imperaret. Quod imperium magno suo fastu, cum perniciæ multorum auspicata: jactantiæ, contumaciæ, hæresis, atque in ipsos etiam superos rebellionis origo, non paucos pessumdedit, in quibus *Alexander magnus*, *Xerxes*, *Babyloniæque* turris molitores gigantes.

ORNAMENTA. Descriptiones. 1. Deorum gentilium, regnorum & sacrificiorum. 2. Amoris proprii personæ, tum se ipsum amantis hominis. 3. Malorum ex proprio amore provenientium. 4. Palatium exædificantium, ejusque magnitudinis & excellentiæ. 5. Superbiæ & habitus illius, formæ, ac morum insolentium. 6. Jactantis nobilitatem generis. 7. Jactatoris militis. 8. Contumacis hæresis. 9. Brevis

a vaunting soldier. 8. Of stubborn heresy. 9. Of the short-lived prosperity of proud people. *Lucifer's* speech exhorting to impiety. Lastly, Comparisons, 1. Of a kindling spark with love, 2. Of *Bucephalus* with an arrogant person.

vis fortunæ superborum. Deinde oratio *Luciferi* impietatem suadentis. Denique comparationes, 1. Scintillæ gliscentis cum amore. 2. *Bucephali* cum arrogante.

MARGINAL NOTES TO BOOK III.

LUCIFER, having abrogated the worship and honour of one God, and the heavenly spirits appointed by him to superintend the creation, deliberates with his peers, how he may introduce into the world the worship of devils, under certain names of gods. The sacrifices of the gods. The origin and temper of *Philautus*, or Self-love. The comparison of a kindling spark with the first dawns of this passion.

From

NOTÆ MARGINALES AD LIBRUM TERTIUM.

Lucifer, abrogato Dei unius, & coelestium mentium ab Deo rebus creatis præpositarum, obsequio & honore; de cultu dæmonum sub certis deorum nominibus, ipse mundum introducendo, cum suis deliberat. Victimæ Deorum. Philauti, sive amoris proprii, origo & ingenium. Seipsum amantis descriptio. Comparatio scintillæ inflammantis cum amo-

From self-love, luxury, and all manner of vice broke forth into the world. Different men addicted to different vices. By wickedness the worship of devils was introduced. Human crimes exceed all eloquence. The rising sun. Pride, the inventress of palaces; their structure and magnificence. The wonders of the world. The emblems of proud animals. The vain labour of the Proud. The image of Pride. The comparison of *Bucephalus* with an arrogant man. The comparison of a peacock with the same. Rich and embroidered vestments. Hair and face finely ornamented. Boasting nobility of birth. Grasping at vain fame. Pride has its various retainers, corrupting in some the good qualities of the mind, in others the good qualities of the body. Riches and honours render people proud. Vain boasters. Proud persons are stubborn.

re primo. Ex amore proprio luxus, omniaque in orbem vitia prodire. Varii variis addicti in orbe vitiis. Per scelera dæmonum in orbem invecus cultus. Eloquentiam superant flagitia. Sol oriens. Palatii Superbia inventrix, ejus structura & magnificentia. Orbis miracula. Emblemata superborum animalium. Superborum labor vanus. Superbiæ imago. Comparatio Bucephali cum arrogante. Comparatio pavonis cum arrogante. Vestis pretiosa & varia. Culta cæsaries & facies. Nobilitas generis jactata. Famam inanem captare. Superbia varios habet affeclas, aliis corporis, aliis animi inquinans bona. Divitiæ & honores superbos faciunt. Jactatores vani. Superbi contumaces sunt.

Hæresis

born. Heresy flows from Pride, its picture and malignity. Pride productive of disobedience. Persons, vainly elated with pride, often fall. The giants, the builders of *Babylon*, proudly rise in rebellion against heaven. Pride threw *Lucifer* headlong out of heaven.

Hæresis ex Superbia est, ejus imago & malitia. Fastus inobedientes facit. Superbè elati sæpe ruunt. Gigantes, sive Babylonitæ, superbi adversus superos consurgunt. Luciferum Superbia præcipitavit.

THE END OF THE MARGINAL NOTES, &c.



THE reader, I make no doubt, has already anticipated most of the observations I could possibly make, on the strong resemblance there is, betwixt the *plan* of *Paradise Lost*, and the *substance* of these arguments and marginal notes to *Masenius's* poem. Therefore, not to insist on those things, which, it may be alledged, are either hinted at in the scriptures, or which the subject, common to both poets, might naturally suggest; I shall only remark, that the infernal council, or PANDÆMONIUM of *Masenius*, Lucifer's habit and chariot, the fight of the angels, especially as so circumstantiated, with the excursion of the fallen spirits from hell, and other particulars too obvious not to have been noticed, undoubtedly gave birth to the similar constituent parts of *Milton's* poem; in which, tho' they are more highly finished, and amplified with additional ornaments, there are such strong traces of resemblance left, as to make the assistance he derived from *Masenius* indisputably clear and obvious. I now proceed to the consideration of the poems themselves. *Milton's* exordium is as follows,

Of

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
 Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
 Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
 With loss of Eden, 'till one greater Man
 Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,
 Sing, Heav'nly Muse !

These lines very probably owe their rise to the following most beautiful ones of *Masenius* and *Ramsay*, an author I shall have occasion to mention more particularly hereafter. *Masenius* writes thus :

Principium culpæ, Stygiæque tyrannidis ortum,
 Et quæ fera premant miserandos fata nepotes,
 Servitio turpi scelerum, pœnâque malorum,
 Pandimus.

Ramsay thus,

Utque hominis libata polo mens, Numinis haustu,
 Semina mortiferæ labis concepit Edene ;
 Unde Dei soboles cœli radiantia templa
 Liquit, ut ætheria reduces nos sisteret arce,
 Argumentum ingens ! celsæ dignum alite mentis !
 Pandere fert animus,

In these *Latin* verses, the substance of the *English* poet's lines is easily visible : But that this may appear more clearly to the *English* reader, I shall here subjoin a translation of the

preceding *Latin* verses, as literal as possible, which he may compare with *Milton's*. *Masenius's* may be translated thus,

The rise of sin, the source of hellish pow'r,
The fatal ills, which all the wretched race
Of men oppress, with sins base servitude,
And penal woes, I sing.

Ramsay's in the following manner.

And how

The human soul, by God inspir'd from heav'n,
In Eden's paradise of mortal guilt
The seeds conceiv'd, whence God's eternal son
Forsook heav'n's radiant mansions, that lost man
He might restore to climes of forfeit bliss,—
A lofty theme ! worthy a daring soul !
I mean t'unfold.

The resemblance is clear and undeniable.
Milton afterwards proceeds,

And chiefly thou, O Spirit ! that dost prefer,
Before all temples, th'upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st : thou from the first
Wast present.

Masenius in like manner, (and *Buchanan* and
Phineas Fletcher, whom I shall cite afterwards
to prevent confusion)

Tu

Tu cœptis, O Diva! fave, nostrosque labores
 Dirige, inoffenso per secula pristina cursu :
 Quo me cumque rapis, sequar impiger : omnia namque
 Te ductrice patent, rerumque occulta tueris,
 Prima opifex ! nostræ spectatrix prima ruinæ !

That there is here also a great similitude of sentiment, I think no one can fairly deny. A translation may help to make it still clearer.

Do thou, O Spirit ! favour this attempt,
 And guide my labours thro' this new-trod path.
 Where'er you soar, assiduous I'll pursue,—
 All things to thee unfold, all nature's depths,
 First cause ! Spectator chief of man's perdition !

But this similitude will still more remarkably appear from the following passage.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
 Nor the deep tract of Hell ; say first, what cause
 Mov'd our grand parents in that happy state
 Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off
 From their Creator, and transgress his will
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides ?
 Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt ?
 Th' infernal serpent ! He it was, whose guile,
 Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
 The mother of mankind ; what time his pride
 Had cast him out of Heav'n, with all his host
 Of rebel angels, by whose aid aspiring

To

To set himself in glory 'bove his peers,
 He trusted to have equall'd the most high,
 If he oppos'd ; and with ambitious aim,
 Rais'd impious war in heav'n, and battel proud,
 With vain attempt.

Thus *Milton* : who undoubtedly took these sublime conceptions from the following ones of *Masenius*, and some other elegant poetical authors, whom I shall have occasion to mention in the progress of this work ; For *Milton* had a large store of materials before him when he first engaged in composing his poem, tho' hitherto he has been thought to have digged them only from the quarries of nature,

Let us now hear the learned *Jesuit*,

Tu mihi tantarum interpres, Sapientia ! rerum,
 Tam duos hominum casus, tot in orbe laborum
 Principium memora, causasque evolve malorum.

Umbrarum princeps, & opaci rector Averni,
 Antitheus, quondam æternas damnatus ad umbras,
 Proscriptusque polo, cum cæco Marte Tonantem
 Infelix peteret, superosque lacefferet audax,
 Ærea concussis laxavit vincula claustris,
 Carceribusque pedem rursus extulit, ore minaci,
 Armataque manu, nascenti tristia mundo
 Bella movens, latamque ferens toto orbe ruinam.
 Invida livoris rabies, mentisque venenum

Ambitio,

Ambitio, tantos potuit concire furores

Antitheo, tantos bellorum extollere fluctus.

Wisdom ! Interpreter of great events !

Man's wretched hap relate, his num'rous woes !

The source evolve, whence sprung these mighty ills !

The prince of darkness, black Avernus' lord,

Antitheus, erst to endless shades condemn'd,

Outcast of Heav'n, what time with fruitless rage

The Thunderer he dar'd, and storm'd the sky ;

His brazen chains he burst, his prison broke,

And liberty resum'd ; with threatening front,

And armed hand, the new-born world he fills

With horrid war, and devastation wide.

Of envy this the fruit ! this, of ambition,

Ambition, the mind's bane ! These Satan's breast

With fury swell'd, and pour'd a flood of war !

From these lines, where Satan is represented as the author of all the calamities introduced amongst mankind, by making an excursion out of his infernal prison, to which he was confined for his audacious insurrection against the Almighty ; it seems highly probable, that *Milton* had this learned writer in his eye, when he composed the preceding invocation.

I shall produce a few passages more in confirmation of my opinion, as I am abundantly
sensible

sensible it will be expected, that an assertion so new should be most clearly supported, and, if possible, set beyond all reach of cavil.

Milton, in his fourth book of *Paradise lost*, and elsewhere, represents *Satan*, filled with infinite rage and indignation, upon reviewing the happiness of man's state, and particularly at his enjoying that share in the favour of his creator, of which he judged himself unjustly dispossessed: from hence he is determined to deprive man of his happiness, and involve him in the same misery, to which himself was subjected, supposing that pain would be alleviated, when communicated to others. The *English* lines are as follow,

O Hell ! what do mine eyes with grief behold !
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanc'd
 Creatures of other mold ; earth-born perhaps,
 Not spirits, yet to heav'nly spirits bright
 Little inferior, whom my thoughts pursue
 With wonder ! &c.

P. L. B. iv. 358.

These

These sentiments we find expressed in the most copious and lively manner imaginable by *Masenius*, thus:

Viderat Antitheus niveam per gramina nympham
 Errantem, & facilis captantem gaudia ruris,
 Pascentemque animum jucundæ munere vitæ :
 Vidit, & indoluit tantorum hærede bonorum,
 Tam cultæ telluris opes, tantasque teneri
 Vivendi illecebras : quin & pallatia Divûm
 Clausa sibi, quæque infamis bona perdidit exsul,
 Exhæresque poli, felici adcrefcere nymphæ.
 Ergo, ait, immeriti patriis proscribimur aëtris,
 Cœlituum procures ! magni decora alta Tonantis !
 Primigenæque Deûm ! Nostrisne indignior hæres
 Sedibus exsultet, luteæ pars ultima terræ,
 Brutorumque nepos ? Cur non hic fulmine nostro
 Corruit, æternâ caput involvente ruinâ ?
 Nos, nati propiore Deo ! nos, candida cœli
 Turba ! tenemus adhuc magnæ vestigia formæ,
 Quam Sophia effinxit, divino pollice, mater.
 Nos decus ingenii, nos rara potentia cœlo
 Adseruit ! Quid nunc generis primordia nostri,
 Et regni titulos, consanguineumque Tonantem,
 Commemorem ? Vires, & nobilitatis honorem !
 Nomina digna quidem, sed non habitura favorem,
 Adferimus : Semel excidimus crudelibus aëtris,
 Et conjuratas involvit terra cohortes :
 Fata manent, tenet & superos oblivio nostri.
 Indecores premimur : volgi tolluntur inertes

Ac

Ac viles animæ, cœloque fruuntur aperto.
 Nos, Divum soboles, patriaque in sede locandi,
 Pellimur exsilio, mœstoque Acheronte tenemur.
 Heu dolor ! & superum decreta indigna ! fatiscat
 Orbis ! & antiquo turbentur cuncta tumultu !
 Ac redeat deformis chaos ! Styx atra ruinam
 Terrarum excipiat ! Fatoque impellat eodem
 Et cœlum, & cœli cives ! Ut inulta cadamus
 Turba ! nec umbrarum pariter caligine raptam
 Sarcotheam, invisum caput ! involvamus ? Ut astris
 Regnantem, & nobis dominâ cervice minantem,
 Ignavi patiamur ! Adhuc tamen improba vivit ?
 Vivit adhuc, fruiturque Dei secura favorem ?
 Cernimus ? & quidquam furiarum absconditur orco ?
 Vah pudor ! æternumque probum Stygis ! occidat ! amens !
 Occidat ! & nostræ subeat consortia culpæ !
 Hæc mihi, secluso cœlis, solatia tantum
 Excidij restant ! juvat hac consorte malorum
 Possè frui ! juvat ad nostram seducere poenam
 Frustra exsultantem ! patriaque ex sorte superbam !
 Ærumnas exempla levant : minor illa ruina est
 Quæ caput adversi labens oppresserit hostis.
 Quid moror ? apta dolus pugnanti subgeret arma.
 Simplicitas patet infidiis, via fraudis aperta est.
 Huc agite, umbrarum cives ! Stygiæque phalanges !
 Ultrices Furis ! stirps funestissima noctis !
 Eumenides ! Tuque, inprimis scelerata malorum,
 Aleto ! inventrix, cui luxus, & improba servit
 Ingluvies, quæque ab pulcro seducis honesto
 Illustres animos, scelerumque adstringis habenis.
 Dixit, & imperium sensit famulator Avernus,
 Pallentesque animæ ; stetit impigra turba tyranni

Ante pedes ; sceptrumque potens, foliumque veretur,
 Excipiens mandata patris, quæcumque nefandis
 Pascitur, & Stygio livet subfufa veneno.

Straying thro' flow'ry meads *Antitheus* saw
 The lovely nymph, enjoying rural sweets,
 And solacing her mind with life's best gifts.
 He saw, and griev'd, that she should thus possess
 Such riches, in such store, as lawful heir ;
 While 'gainst himself he finds the gates of heav'n
 For ever shut, unhappy fugitive !
 And in his room the favour'd nymph install'd.
 Are we, said he, then most unjustly driv'n
 From native stars ? we, heav'nly peers ! the boast
 Of the great Thund'rer ! the first-born of God !
 And in our seats do heirs unworthy swell ?
 Creatures deriv'd from dust, ally'd to brutes !
 Why do they not fall headlong by our thunder ?
 Their wretched heads with ruin overwhelm'd !
 We, God's immediate race ! we, heav'n's fair sons !
 Do still retain the traces of our birth,
 Which, with unerring skill, wisdom has stamp'd
 Upon our form. Our genius uncontroll'd,
 And matchless pow'r, assert our claim to heav'n.
 But why, with fruitless boast, do I display
 My birth, my pow'r, and heav'n's affinity ?
 My pow'r, my lofty birth are worthy names,
 But names, alas ! that favour can't restore !
 We, once for all, are from the stars cut off,
 And earth, in darkness, our conspiring troops
 Has shrouded. Still our fate stands fix'd, and heav'n

Has

Has blotted out our vile remembrance quite.
 Ingloriously we're crush'd, while vulgar souls,
 A worthless race ! exalted are on high,
 And heav'n's best smiles enjoy. We, race of Gods !
 Deserving to resume our native seat,
 Are banish'd thence, to hell's sad regions doom'd !
 O ! curst decrees of heav'n ! O wretched lot !
 Annihilate, thou world ! Creation fair,
 With antient Chaos mix, and be no more !
 And thou, rude mass ! such as at first, return !
 Now let earth's ruins *Tartarus* succeed !
 And in one common fate high heav'n involve,
 And heav'n's inhabitants ! For say, shou'd we
 Fall, and quite unaveng'd ? And shall we not
 The curst *Sarcothea* with us involve
 In equal darkness, sharer of our woes !
 Or must we still endure her reign, and yield
 Our necks to hostile scorn ? Lives yet the wretch,
 Lives she secure, and God's high smiles enjoys ?
 Behold we this ? And does hell's teeming womb
 Contain, or furies fell, or means of vengeance ?
 O hell ! O shame to hell ! Destruction seize her !
 And make her share the pains of our sad guilt !
 To me, excluded heav'n, this joy remains,
 This comfort of destruction ! her t'enjoy
 A partner in my pains ! O what delight,
 To lead her on to equal punishment ;
 Vainly exulting in her noble state !
 Companions ease our sorrows ! Less the loss
 Which rends the head of the opposing foe.
 But why do I delay ? fit arms, be sure,

Will

Will guile afford---simplicity lies ope'
 To ambuscade, and fraud's an easy task.
 Advance, inhabitants of hell ! advance,
 Ye vengeful furies ! Stygian troops advance !
Eumenides ! night's baleful offspring black !
 And thou, inventress of all cursed ills,
Alecto dire ! with luxury and lust,
 Thy ministers ! that, with incessant aim,
 Illustrious souls from virtue still seduce,
 Enslaving them to vice, as bound with chains !
 He said : And servile hell, his tyrant sway,
 Confest and own'd : pale ghosts, an active train !
 Before their haughty lord's imperious throne,
 Stood watchful, and his nod submit adore ;
 All proud his sov'reign mandates to obey,
 Whatever crew on baleful poison feeds,
 Or fascinates with dire enchanting eyes.

The sentiments, hitherto accounted *Milton's* own, are here expressed, with all the pomp of words, and the utmost luxuriance of fancy.

Masenius afterwards proceeds, to give a complete list of *Satan's* privy counsellors and attendants ; death, old age, care, labour, grief, poverty, famine, guile, &c. which might very naturally suggest to *Milton* his infernal council, where the devils are introduced, each in order, making a speech, importing what was most proper to be done at that critical conjuncture.

D

After

After the infernal peers were assembled, *Masenius* represents *Satan* haranguing in the following manner; where almost every line seems to have dictated the sentiments ascribed to *Milton*. The speech is truly remarkable, and deserves to be carefully attended to.

Tænarii proceres! quorum ignorata potestas
 Hactenus, umbrarum tenebroso conditur antro,
 Vivimus opprobrium superumque hominumque, nec ullis
 Obsequiis colimur; pœnarum ingentia tantum
 Pondera, fatorumque minæ, flammæque voraces,
 Æterna nos morte premunt. Quid inulta manemus
 Turba? Quid ignavo dudum torpemus *Averno*?
 Eripiant cœlos superi, gemitoque negentur
 Orbe poli: nondum hîc languet calcata potestas,
 Est animi virtus, est fraus, est causâ nocendi.
 Plebs nova terrigenum tumidis cervicibus audax
 Imminet, & nostris gaudet se crescere damnis,
 Exfors ipsa mali: juvat hanc infamia Ditis,
 Et spoliis tantis fruitur, tellure vagatur
 Immanis, sceproque solum moderante coercet,
 Invasura polos: Nos, segnis turba! protervo
 Spernimur ingenio, totisque expellimur astris:
 Terra data est: etiam terris excludimur ipsis,
 Infames ac probrosi ludibria mundi.
 Hoc patimur? nondum astrigenas confundimus orco?
 Devotâque cadit cœlumque solumque ruina?
 Tartareos adjuro lacus, stygiique draconis
 Horrendum *Antitheus* testor caput, una petetur
Sarcothea: Ultori nympham involvemus *Averno*.

Vos animos rebus faciles aptate gerendis;
 Me duce constabit cceptum, prior omnibus unam
 Adgrediar, prior illecebras & mellea vucum
 Blandimenta dabo, pulcraque tenebitur arte,
 Fraudibus intercepta meis, & carcere vineta.
 Vos fidas præstate manus: nec plura locutus,
 Arma simul fremit, arma minax, ferrumque, facesque,
 Sulphuraque, & piceas cogit per tartara nubes,
 Fluminaque infundenda solo: ruit omne per antrum
 Immensum volgus, furvæque, atra agmina, turmæ
 Terrarum eluētantur humo, objectasque fremendo
 Adfiliunt portas, urgentque immanibus ausis
 Murorum adversam molem; dum rupta silentum
 Antra patent horrenda, soloque fruuntur aperto.

The following translation of this passage was transmitted to us from *Louvain*, by the ingenious gentleman, to whose care and friendship we owe the recovery of *Masenius*. The translation is as literal as possible, and bears a very great analogy to *Milton*.

Ye peers! whose pow'r unknown, since first we fell,
 Is bounded by the gloomy shades of hell;
 To us no altars smoke, no temples rise,
 The scorn of man, and laughter of the skies!
 O shame! and tamely shall we bear the weight
 Of flames devouring, and the threats of fate,
 Eternal objects of celestial hate!
 Tho' they, by whom into these deeps we're hurl'd,
 Deny the commerce of yon lucid world;

Not all our pow'r is lost, we still may find
 New arms to conquer in the unconquer'd mind.
 Wiles too there are, and let them blame in heav'n
 The will to hurt, by whom the cause is giv'n.
 An earth-born upstart race insulting goes
 Above, and on our ruins proudly grows ;
 Rich by our spoils, and honour'd by our shame,
 These princes lord it o'er the earthly frame :
 Soon to invade the skies, our right by birth,
 From whence far driv'n we're yet deny'd the earth.
 And we, a sluggish crew ! do we remain
 The scoff of heav'n, and hug the tyrants chain ?
 Nor tear we down yon masters of the sky ?
 While heav'n and earth in one great ruin lye ?
 But, by the Stygian waters drowfy bed,
 By the Tartarean dragon's horrid head,
Antitheus swears *Sarcotheca* soon shall fall,
 And hell's avenging gulph shall hold us all.
 Now then your minds for mighty deeds prepare,
 Myself shall open all the scene of war.
 Mine be the care first to attack the foe,
 And try what fraud, and fairest words can do :
 For, by insidious blandishments, I ween,
 Caught in our snares, shall fall this fav'rite queen.

I am persuaded that no one, who duly considers the foregoing speech, and, at the same time, is perfectly acquainted with *Satan's* speeches in *Milton*, but must acknowledge, not only a very great likeness in the sentiments, but such a striking resemblance in the very expression, as

could never be the result of chance, or of two writers illustrating the same subject; but must certainly be owing, to the latter poet's consulting and copying the former. *Satan's* undertaking to go first on the enterprize; his rage and indignation, at the lowness of man's origin, and his being enriched with his spoils; are sentiments entirely common to both poets, and that plainly for the reason already assigned: but, as these sentiments lie scattered in *Paradise Lost*, it is not easy to produce many lines together.

Milton, after the commission of the fatal transgression, represents hell, as opening its jaws, and disgorging its horrid Hosts; all nature in disorder; the sun hiding his head, or going backward, as at the *Tbyestean* banquet, as he phrases it, (for he is ever fond of antient fables;) and the unhappy pair, in the utmost terror and confusion, on account of their transgression. Let us hear him.

————— The sun
 Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
 As might affect the earth with cold, and heat,
 Scarce tolerable; and from the north to call
 Decrepit winter, from the south to bring
 Solstitial summer's heat.—To the winds they set
 Their corners; when with bluster to confound
 Sea, air, and shore: the thunder when to roll

With terror through the dark æreal hall:
 Some say, he bid his angels turn ascanse
 The poles of earth, twice ten degrees, and more,
 From the sun's axle: they with labor push'd
 Oblique the centric globe.—At that tasted fruit,
 The sun, as from *Thyestean* banquet, turn'd
 His course intended: else, how had the world
 Inhabited, though sinless, more than now
 Avoided pinching cold, and scorching heat?
 These changes in the heav'ns (though slow) produc'd
 Like change on sea and land; sidereal blast,
 Vapor, and mist, and exhalation hot;
 Corrupt and pestilent! &c. P. L. B. x. 651.

The greater part of these sentiments are expressed by the learned *Jesuit*, in the following elegant and masculine lines:

Adnuit ipsa dolo, malumque (heu! longa dolendi
 Materies! & triste nefas!) vesana momordit,
 Tanti ignara mali. Mora nulla, solutus Avernus
 Exspuit infandas acies; fractumque remugit
 Divulsa compage solum: Nabathæa receptum
 Regna dedere sonum, Pharioque in littore Nereus
 Territus erubuit: simul adgemuere dolentes
 Hesperiae valles, Libyæque calentis arenæ
 Exarsere procul. Stupefacta Lycaonis ursa
 Constitit, et pavido riguit glacialis in axe:
 Omnis cardinibus submotus inhorruit orbis;
Angeli hoc efficiunt, cœlestia jussa secuti.
Ipse etiam refugo Sol expallescere curru

Vissus,

Vifus, et abſtraētis cœlum turbare quadrigis.
Hinc iter adſuetum ſeētens, modo devius errat
Phæbus adhuc, propiorque ſolo, vel frigore lento,
Vel fervore nocet. Primis tunc aſtra tenebris
Amifere diem, primis ferus ignibus æther
Exarſit, ruptoque polus deſæviit axe.
 Tunc elementa, datæ neglecto ſœdere pacis,
 Excuffere jugum, raptæque morantia ſede
 Exercent rapidis bellum implacabile pugnis.
 Tota anceps natura ſtetit: ruptone profundo
 Mitteret ultores ſuperos? et, cardine vulſo
 Cœlorum, chaos antiquum confunderet orbi?
 An malè tentatum facinus ſubmergeret orco?
 Sarcotheam tantus pavor et confuſio rerum
 Defixam oppreſſit terrore: hæſiſſe trementem
 Auctorem, & proprium ſcelus expalleſcere viſum,
 Antitheum memorant: erat hæc audacia cœpti!

With guile the hapleſs nymph complies, and eats,
 (Ah! doleful crime! ah! endleſs ſource of woe!)
 Unconſcious of the mortal fruit's dread poiſon.
 Straight, hell, diſclos'd, pours forth her horrid hoſts,
 And earth, wide-yawning, from her centre groans;
 Nabathean realms return'd the baleful ſound,
 And on the Pharian ſhore affrighted bluſh'd
 Old Nereus. At that inſtant too was heard
 The howling of the ſam'd Hesperian vales,
 And Libya's parched lands-blaz'd far and wide.
 Lycaon's bear, aſtounded, check'd her courſe,
 And, icy, ſtiſſen'd in her frighted car.
 The world itſelf, mov'd from its hinges, ſhook;

*The task of angels, doing heav'n's high will !
 The Sun, in his retreating car, grew pale,
 And with abstracted steeds obscur'd the heav'ns.
 Hence varying his accustom'd rout, now here,
 Now there he roams, and either chills with cold,
 When too remote ; or burns with heat, too near.
 The stars then first, in darkness, lost the day ;
 Then first, with conflagration fierce, blaz'd out
 The horrid sky ; and from its axis broke,
 The starry pole began to reel.
 Then 'twas, the elements, their peaceful league
 Dissolv'd, shook off the yoke, and dwelling still
 In seats besieg'd, with fierce encounter meet,
 And wage eternal war with conflict dire.
 All nature stood aghast, as in suspense,
 Whether, from bursting clouds, avenging hosts
 To send upon the world, or, heaven itself
 Unhinging, chaos old with earth to blend ?
 Or plunge the rash advent'rous deed in hell ?
 Such fear *Sarcophagi* seiz'd, remorse, and shame,
 And horror, lock'd up th' avenues of sense.
 Nay too, 'tis said, *Antitheus* self, quite stunn'd
 And trembling stood, at his own guilt appall'd :
 So horrid was th' accursed deed he dar'd !*

But, not to multiply quotations from this elegant writer, in a matter so clear, I shall content myself with one or two more, and then conclude this head. *Milton* introduces the Almighty, as complaining to the angels of the havoc made on the world, by the infernal powers, after the fall, thus:

See!

See! with what heat these dogs of hell advance,
 To waste and havock yonder world, which I
 So fair and good created. &c. P. L. B. x. 616.

Masenius represents Justice, as preferring the same complaint before the Almighty, which *Milton*, in the lines just now quoted, ascribes to God himself, tho' certainly with far less decency; so that here the copy falls short of the original.

*Illa quidem fugiens, sparsis per terga capillis,
 Ora rigat lacrimis, & cœlum questibus implet:
 Talia voce rogans. Magni Deus arbiter orbis!
 Qui rerum momenta tenes, solusque futuri
 Præscius, elapsique memor; quem terra potentem
 Imperio, cœlique tremunt; quem Dite superbus
 Horrescit Phlegethon, pavidoque furore veretur:
 En! Styge crudeli premimur. Laxantur hiatus
 Tartarei, dirusque solo dominatur Avernus,
 Infernique canes populantur cuncta creata,
 Et manes violant superos: discrimina rerum
 Sustulit Antitheus, Divumque oppressit honorem.
 Respice Sarcotheam: nimis, heu! decepta momordit
 Infaustas epulas, nosque omnes prodidit hosti.*

She, flying with dishevell'd locks, her face
 Bedew'd with tears, and fill'd the heav'ns with plaints.
 Thus humbly sued the Fair: Of this great world,
 Both judge and maker! who, of nature's course,
 The balance holds; who, future things alone

Exactly

Exactly knows, as mindful of the past!
 Whose potent rule both heaven and earth obey,
 Trembling with awe! whom *Tartarus*' gloomy realms,
 Proud in their chief, with fearful rage adore!
 By cruel hell behold us overpower'd!—
 The jaws of *Tartarus* are open'd wide,
 And over earth *Avernus* bears full sway,
And dogs of hell the whole creation waste;
 And ghosts infernal heav'n-born souls infest.
 Difference 'twixt good and ill *Antitheus* dire,
 Thrice fertile source of woe! has cancel'd quite,
 And wholly crush'd the honour of the gods!
Sarcothea with an eye of favour view,
 Who, wretchedly, alas! deceiv'd, has pluckt
 The fatal fruit, and to our mortal foe,
 In most unlucky hour, betray'd us all.

Milton afterwards, as one consequence of the fall, introduces the beasts at variance one with another, and all of them together at variance with man.

Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
 And fish with fish; to graze the herb all leaving,
 Devour'd each other: nor stood much in awe
 Of man, but fled him; or, with count'nance grim,
 Glar'd on him passing. ——— *P. L. B. x. 710.*

These lines are literally translated from the following:

Quadrupedi

Quadrupedi pugnât quadrupes, volucrique volucris;

Et piscis cum pisce ferox hostilibus armis

Prælia sæva gerit: jam pristina pabula spernunt,

Jam tondere piget viridantes gramine campos:

Alterum et alterius vivunt animalia letho:

Prisca nec in gentem humanam reverentia durat,

Sed fugiunt, vel si steterant, fera bella minantur

Fronte truci, torvosque oculos jaculantur in illam.

Beast now with beast, and fowl with fowl, and fish

With fish, wage cruel war with hostile arms.

They now despise their antient food, now scorn

To graze the verdant plains, and flow'ry grafs;

And beast on beast, as proper sust'nance, feeds.

Nor does their former rev'rence paid to man

Remain, but straight him fly, or, if they stand,

They threaten bloody war with savage front,

And fiercely dart on him their baleful eyes.

I shall add only one Passage more, but of such a nature, as may, I hope, put this matter beyond all dispute, and convince every attentive reader, that *Milton* borrowed from *Masenius*. The latter has these two remarkable lines;

Vatibus antiquis numerantur lumine cassis,

Tiresias, Phineus, Thamyrisque, & magnus Homerus.

Amongst blind prophets these are reckon'd chief,

Tiresias, Phineus, Thamyris, and Homer.

Milton

Milton also has bestowed two lines, to express the names of these four blind bards, or prophets; (for the Latin word *vates*, used by *Masenius*, is equivocal, and may signify both:)

Blind *Thamyris*, and blind *Meonides*,
And *Tiresias*, and *Phineus*, prophets old. *P. L. B.* iii. 35.

Now, I would ask here, how it comes to pass, that *Milton* mentions the four very identical persons, formerly mentioned by *Masenius*, especially as he lay under no such necessity as the Latin poet; *Homer* alone, one would think, being sufficient for his purpose. If any one was to demand of me the reason, I should answer without hesitation, *because Milton copied after Masenius*. But if the zealous partizans of *Milton* shall reply, that he might have fallen on them by chance, I shall only rejoin, that I think their credulity exceeds their judgment. The great Doctor *Bentley*, indeed, is of opinion, that the two English lines, above-cited, are spurious; and observes, that *Milton's* editor, (who he supposes interpolated them) might have contented himself with mentioning *Homer* only, as *Milton* himself would have done. But this imaginary editor is now fairly acquitted.

Milton borrows of *Masenius*, the simile of *Pandora*, *Xerxes*, *Charlemaine*, the limbo of
vanity,

vanity, and paradise of fools, with many others; yet, (such is *Milton's* gratitude) he attacks the Jesuits about their religion satirically enough, tho' he scrupled not to borrow near the substance of 2000 lines from one of the order, and to insert them in that very work where he ridiculed them. Perhaps *Milton* could not pardon *Masenius*, for this harsh character of the English nation;

Bruttius, Argolicusque, latro; Fur ANGLUS habetur.

Bruttians, and Greeks, have still been robbers found;

As England does with pilfering thieves abound.

But how just the character, when applied to *Milton* himself, I leave the reader to determine.

I said, I would multiply no more citations from this *Jesuit*; but I think it not improper, to exhibit the description of *Lucifer's* person, as drawn by *Milton* and *Masenius*, in order to see if we can discover the same similitude in that, which we have just now observed in the sentiments ascribed to him. *Milton* describes him thus,

—————He, above the rest,
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower. —————

P. L. B. i. 589.

(And

(And in another place, where he speaks of his associates, he says,

— As, when heaven's fire
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines.)

Ib. 612.

Masenius thus,

In medio, turmas inter provectus ovantes
Cernitur Antitheus, *reliquis hic altior unus*
Eminet, et circum volgus despectat inane :
Frons nebulis obscura latet, torvumque furorem
Diffimulat, fidæ tectus velamine noctis :
Perfimilis turri præcelsæ, aut montibus altis
Antiquæ cedro, nudatæ frondis honore.

Amidst the joyful troops advanc'd, is seen
Antitheus ; he alone, *than all the rest*,
More eminent appears ; and thence looks down,
Contemptuous, on the vulgar crew below.
His brow, obscur'd with clouds, lies hid, stern rage
Dissembling, cover'd with the veil of night :
Like to a lofty tow'r, or on the mountain's top
An ancient cedar of its verdure stript.

What others may think of these two descriptions, I am at a loss to conjecture ; but, in my opinion, no two passages can bear a stronger Resemblance. They vary indeed in circumstances, but in substance they are the same.

Milton

Milton compares *Satan's* associates to naked oaks and pines; *Masenius*, *Satan* only to an old cedar stripped of its leaves: not to mention the tower common to both.

But to come to a conclusion of this head. If any one can imagine, after such ample proofs produced from the poem itself, but especially from the arguments and marginal heads, where the constituent parts of *Paradise Lost* are plainly visible, and the whole poem, as it were, drawn out in miniature; whoever, I say, can imagine, that *Milton* could possibly write as he has done, without seeing this author's performance, may, with equal reason, suppose, that a limner can draw a man's picture, exactly like the original, without ever viewing his person.

Having done with *Masenius*, I shall next proceed to a writer of no less eminence; to whom that *Milton* was also obliged, the reader will scarce doubt, since it is incontestable, that he had actually seen his performance. A paper of his own hand writing, found in Trinity College, Cambridge, contains a catalogue of above sixty subjects,* taken from the sacred scripture, on which,

* They may be seen in the Life of *Milton*, prefixed to a new edition of his works, published some years ago, by the

which, it is conjectured, he designed to found tragedies. But, the truth is, they were only titles of tragedies, already written in Latin verse†.

In

the reverend and ingenious Mr. *Thomas Birch*, F. R. S. in two volumes in folio. Printed for *Andrew Millar* in the Strand.

† Some of these subjects, for the satisfaction of the curious reader, I shall just mention: *Abrahamus Sacrificans*, composed by *Theoderus Beza*; *Dinæ Raptus et Sodomæ Conflagratio*, by *Horatius Tursellinus*, who also wrote several others in *Milton's* list; *Thamaræ Raptus, per Fratrem*, by *Rochus Homerdus*, author also of another, entitled *Moses Nomoclastes*; *Sedechias*, by *Carolus Malapertius*; *Solymæ Hælofis*, by *Nicolaus Caussin*; *Christus patiens*, by *Hugo Grotius*; *Christus moriens & resurgens*, by *Joannes Franciscus Quintianus*; *Herodes Infanticida*, by *Daniel Heinsius*; *Samson Agonistes*, *Eliadæ*, & *Protoplastus*, or, the *Fall of Man*, by *Hieronymus Zieglerus*; *Ruth*, a pastoral comedy, by *Nicodemus Frischlinus*; and, to name no more at present, the *Baptistes*, by *George Buchanan*; which last *Milton* actually translated into English verse, and published by order of the house of commons, anno 1641, in quarto, as a satire against king *Charles I.* and his queen, according to the conjecture of the reverend Mr. *Francis Peck*, lately deceased; who, in a book entitled *New Memoirs of Milton's Life*, published anno 1740, in quarto, has given the public a new edition of that tragedy, both in *Buchanan's* latin,
and

In the front of this catalogue stands,

ADAM UNPARADISED; or, ADAM IN
BANISHMENT:

Which title is only a translation of *Adamus Exsul*, a tragedy written by the celebrated *Hugo Grotius*, when but 18 years old. This tragedy, tho' it has passed through no less than four editions, was yet never printed amongst the rest of that great author's works; and was become so very scarce, that I could not procure a copy either in *Britain* or *Holland*; till the learned Mr. *Abraham Gronovius*, keeper of the public library at *Milton's* english, placed opposite to one another. As this may help to give us some insight into *Milton's* true character, so I must here advertise those, who question the existence of these latin tragedies, that I am possessed of near a score of them, and hope in due time to procure the rest, the *Samson Agonistes* itself not excepted. But to stop the mouth of all opposition, *Milton* himself, who may be allowed to have been perfectly well acquainted with the matter, calls these subjects, expressly, tragedies. *Vide* Peck's *Life of Milton*, page 217. And the different plans of *Paradise Lost*, can be considered as nothing more, than so many tragedies composed by different hands, in different languages; twenty authors, perhaps, having made a trial of their poetical skill, on that interesting and mournful subject.

E

Leyden,

Leyden, after great enquiry, obtained the sight of one; and, as I have, for some time, been honoured with his correspondence and friendship, sent me (transcribed by his own son) the first act of it, and afterwards the rest, together with the dedication, addressed to the Duke of *Bourbon*.

Now, as Mr. *Fenton*, as well as Mr. *Philips*, *Milton's* nephew, informs us, that *Paradise Lost* was first written (or intended to be written) in the form of a tragedy, where *Satan* was to pronounce the prologue; the judicious reader will, by considering this tragedy, (with the heads in its argument, and the similar Greek and Latin appellations in that and *Milton*) begin to be sensible, that this great poet, in composing his poem, had recourse to a vast treasure, which he industriously kept secret. But I shall here endeavour to bring it to open light, tho' hitherto never so much as suspected; and, at some future time, take an opportunity to exhibit a beautiful and correct edition of the original authors, pursuant to the advice of several persons of learning and distinction, in case the design prove agreeable to the public.

The abovementioned noble tragedy is, perhaps, the incomparable author's master-piece in the

the poetical way; at least if we may judge of its excellence, from the encomiums conferred upon it by those eminent critics and poets, *Vossius, Heinsius, * Douza, Potteius, Meursius,* and

* CLARISSIMI VIRI, JANÆ DOUZÆ, in

HUGONIS GROTIJ

ADAMUM EXSULEM, TRAGOEDIAM,

EPIGRAMMA.

QUI Sophoclem, Senecamque legis, quid præter
Homeri

Somnia, res fictas, & mera monstra legis?

Quam satius tragicis digna argumenta Camœnis

Condere de sacris hausta voluminibus!

Artificesque novo furas vincire cothurno!

Eveniat nobis hic aliquando furor!

Qualem de tenero meditatus Grotius ungue

Æthereo plenum numine syrma trahit.

Hic Sphinx nulla tibi, nulla hic miracula Scyllæ

Occurrent: Hominem Grotia musa sonat.

Mortiferum hic vetitâ decerptum ex arbore pomum,

Adami lapsus, exsulumque leges.

Nunc primum, en! Latio donata, atque urbe Quiritum:

Debita quæ civi gloria sola meo!

Qui Phœbo, Delphisque suis, nec consule tantum

Patre, sed & magni nomine dignus ovat.

Macte! inquis: quid si ordo tibi, si spiritus ac vis,

Si vocum ac rerum pondera nota forent?

Quæ simul ac nôris, peream, nisi mirabundus,

Mox clames: factus, Scotia! pone tuos.

Ardua res Jephthen scenæ ostentasse Latinæ:

(Plus matri numquam debuit illa suæ.)

and others; but, particularly, by the evident use
Milton made of it, who has artfully transferred
 the

Majus opus, primos Paradiso eduxit parentes!

Hei mihi! quam dispar huic status ille fuit!

J. DOUZA.

PARAPHRASED.

WHAT can in *Sophocles* the mind engage?

Or what in *Seneca's* applauded page?

What! but the dreams of *Homer's* frantic brain?

False tales, and fictions elegantly vain?

Far nobler themes the sacred books impart,

Where truth and wisdom court the poet's art.

How great the thought the tragic step to grace

With buskins worthy of a christian race!

O! let me feel this sacred impulse strong,

And with like transport emulate the song;

The song of *Grotius!* who, an infant! trod

The stage majestic, full of *Jacob's* God!

Scylla nor *Sphinx* his nobler thoughts employ,

Of man sublime he sings, while yet a boy.

There the tall tree forbidden fruit displays,

Here *Adam* fall'n a wretched exile strays:

Now first these sacred themes with joy we see,

In *Roman* dress, of *Rome's* great city free.

This to my fellow-citizen is due,

Of *Phæbus* worthy, and of *Delphos* too;

Born to exalt his noble father's name,

The consul borrows of the poet fame.

Success and praise, you cry, attend the youth!

Who thus can lend new dignity to truth:

But when the beauties of his verse you scan,

His theme's vast import, and its wond'rous plan,

With joy and wonder seiz'd, you'll thus exclaim,

"Proud *Scotia* stoop! at length surpass'd in fame.

"Great

the substance of it into his *Paradise Lost*. The truth of this assertion will readily appear to any one, who will take the trouble to compare the one with the other. It contains 2000 lines and upwards; and, according to the best models of antiquity, consists of five acts, and a chorus subjoined to each, except the last. The first introduces *Satan* deliberating, in a long soliloquy, on the most likely means to operate man's destruction, declaring his resolution to effect it, by transforming himself into the shape of a serpent. The second exhibits a long conference betwixt *Adam* and an Angel, concerning the creation of the world: This part, *Milton* has thoroughly copied in his seventh book of *Paradise Lost*; where, by way of episode, he gives an account how the world was created, and in what space of time; only, now and then, he enlarges beyond *Grotius*, with the addition of hints and allusions taken from *Ramsay*, *Du Bartas*, and Dr. *Ross's Virgilius Evangelizans*,

- “ Great was the task in *Latian* strains to tell
 “ How mourn'd, brave *Jephtha's* virgin-daughter fell,
 “ But greater yet, to bid each bosom heave,
 “ Each eye to flow, for *Adam*, and for *Eve*;
 “ To lead them blushing from *Elysian* bow'rs!
 “ And leave them exil'd in a world-like ours!
 “ How fall'n! how chang'd! what fancy could express
 “ Joys fled so long, or grief in such excess!”

as we shall have occasion to shew more fully afterwards. The third act contains an interview betwixt *Satan* and *Adam*, wherein the devil endeavours, under the guise of friendship, to seduce the father of mankind to disobedience; but, being overpowered by strength of argument, retires vanquished. This circumstance, the young poet has introduced, without the warrant of scripture, or rather in opposition to it. Perhaps he thought poetical licence would bear him out. In this *Milton* has not imitated him, and so far he was in the right: his extravagant admirers may wish he had always been as cautious. The fourth introduces the *Serpent* and *Eve* engaged in dispute; *Eve* defeated, *Adam* seduced, *Satan* triumphant, and the fall of man compleated. The last exhibits the catastrophe of the whole, the curse pronounced on *Adam* and *Eve* for their offence, with their final expulsion out of *Paradise*. This whole œconomy precisely answers to the plan of *Adam unparadised*; or, *Adam in Banishment*, in the paper of *Milton's* hand-writing. However, I shall here subjoin as much of *Grotius's* tragedy, as may sufficiently shew the truth of my assertion; namely, that *Milton*, besides other considerable helps, in composing his *Paradise Lost*, had also this performance of *Grotius* before him, of which he has made a very liberal use.

HUGO.

HUGONIS GROTIJ
ADAMUS EXSUL, TRAGŒDIA.

Ejus Interlocutores.

SATAN,
CHORUS,
ANGELUS,

ADAMUS,
EVA,
VOX DEI.

A R G U M E N T U M.

*Post rerum creationem, et Angelorum lapsum, homo in Paradiso constitutus: datum ei in inferiorem orbem imperium, vetitumque ne arboris, quæ scientiæ boni et mali symbolum erat, fructum carperet. Satan, ut contra præceptum fieret, primum hominem marem, simulatâ amicitia, adgreditur; deinde fœminam, serpentis figura; quæ seducta virum ad peccati societatem impellit. Unde uterque horto expulsus est, et morti miseriæque mancipatus. Salus restituta spe, et fide venturi Messie. Scena est in Hedene, Babylonie regione, ubi erat hortus ad ripam Euphratis. Satan * προδογισι. Chorus est ex bonis spiritibus, quos angelos vocamus.*

A C T U S I.

SATAN.

SACRI Tonantis hostis, exsul patriæ
Cœlestis, adsum; Tartari tristem specum
Fugiens, et atram noctis æternæ plagam.
Odium bonorum sede me infaustâ extrahit,

* This Greek word is retained by *Milton*, in his plan of *Adam unparadis'd*.

Diros scelestâ mente versantem dolos.
 Terribile, iniquum, triste, formidabile,
 Quod et ipse Satan horream, quæro scelus,
 Hâc spe per omnes orbis ibo terminos,
 Hâc spe citatus, clausa littoribus vagis
 Transibo maria, sævus ut rictu leo
 Patulo timendus, per locorum devia,
 Quærit, quod avido dente dilaniet, pecus.
 Hâc spe, quod unum maxumum fugio malum,
 Superos videbo. Fallor? an certé meo
 Concussa Tellus tota trepidat pondere?
 Quid dico? Tellus? Orcus et pedibus tremit!

The foregoing argument and lines may be translated thus :

ADAM BANISHED, A TRAGEDY,

COLLOCUTORS.

SATAN, ADAM,
 CHORUS, EVE,
 AN ANGEL, THE VOICE OF GOD,

THE ARGUMENT.

After the creation, and the fall of the apostate Angels, man is placed in Paradise. Power is given him over the inferior world, and he is forbid to pluck the fruit of the tree, which is the symbol of the knowledge of good and evil. Satan, to break the command, first tempts the man, under the shew of friendship; and afterwards, in the shape of a serpent, the woman; who is seduced, and prevails on the man to partake of her guilt: upon which they are both driven out of the garden,

den, and subjected to death and misery. Salvation restored by hope, and faith, in the future Messiah.—The scene is in Eden, a region of Babylonia, where was the garden, upon the banks of Euphrates. Satan speaks the prologue. The Chorus consists of good spirits, whom we call angels.

A C T I.

SATAN.

FOE to the sacred thund'rer, late from heav'n,
 My happy country, exil'd, now from hell,
 My prison, black with endless night, I come,
 Urg'd on by hate of good, and hope of ill;
 Ill yet unborn, but lab'ring into birth!
 New to these realms, so damn'd an act I dare,
 That Satan's self, this fiend, whose penal woe
 Already has exhausted vengeance, shrinks
 From his own horrid purpose, half dismay'd.
 Yet, by this hope impell'd, through earth I'll roam;
 By this, o'er ocean, lock'd in winding shores:
 As prowls the lion, o'er the pathless waste,
 By savage hunger stung, and hopes his prey.
 For this, tho' dreaded as my greatest curse,
 My pride shall brook the sight of blest superiors,
 Objects at once of envy and of hatred!
 Am I deceiv'd? or trembles with my weight,
 This earth convuls'd, as conscious of her foe?
 Why not? since hell too trembles as I stride!

Though, from the short specimen already produced, it is abundantly evident, that this tragedy of *Grotius* has been one of the principal

principal foundations of *Milton's* poem ; yet, to set this matter beyond all cavil and objection, I shall select a few passages, amongst innumerable others, which *Milton* seems rather to have literally translated, than barely alluded to.

* Passages in *Grotius* and *Milton*, almost wholly parallel.

GROTIUS.

Orcus et pedibus tremit !

MILTON.

Hell trembled as he strode.

P. L. B. ii. 676.

GROTIUS.

———— Nam, me iudice,

Regnare dignum est ambitu, etsi in Tartaro :

Alto præesse Tartaro siquidem juvat,

Coelis quam in ipsis servi obire munia.

MILTON.

———— And, in my choice,

To reign is worth ambition, tho' in hell:

Better to reign in hell, than serve in heav'n. B. i. 261.

I have known some much touched with the daring boldness of the thought contained in the last passage, not suspecting that the merit of it was not due to the old English poet, but should have been placed to the account of the illustrious

* I have purposely omitted a translation of some of these passages from *Grotius*, because the sense of them cannot be more strongly express'd, than in the parallel ones from *Milton*.
young

young Dutch bard, from whom *Milton* freely borrowed it, though, as it clearly appears, without any intention of making an acknowledgment. The case is exactly the same in a thousand other places, where much false incense has been offered upon the wrong altar, and many lavish encomiums unjustly prostituted.

Here *Milton's* vindicator owns, that it is probable *Milton* did copy this sentence from *Grotius*; but observes, that *Grotius* has taken it from *Æschylus*, whose words he quotes; tho' no more to the purpose than one of *Chaucer's* tales. I have been told, indeed, that *Euripides* has something like it, tho' I have never been able to meet with the passage. But, be that as it will, it is certain *Milton* copied it from *Grotius*.

GROTIUS.

Age! si vacabit (scire nam perfectius,

Quæ facta fuerint, ante me factum, potes)

Narra petenti, quomodo, quoque ordine,

Tam magna numeris machina impleta est suis.

Come, and, if leisure will permit, inform,

(For you must know, more perfectly than I,

What things were made, before I had a being)

Inform me, by what means, and in what order,

This great machine, with all its parts, was form'd.

MILTON.

MILTON.

Deign to descend now lower, and relate
 How first began this heav'n, which we behold
 Distant so high, with *moving fires* adorn'd
 Innumerable; and this, which yields or fills
 All space, the *ambient air* wide interfus'd,
 Embracing round this *florid earth*.——

B. vii. 84.

Tho' these lines are plainly a paraphrase on the *Grotian* passage just now quoted, together with some little aid derived from Mr. *Sandys* and *Barlaeus*, (*florida tellus*, being the latter's very expression, as *moving fires* and *ambient airs*, are the former's;) yet we are told by the vindicator, if we can have faith enough to believe him, "that 'tis evident, from the conversation between the angel *Raphael* and *Adam*, that *Milton* had *Virgil's* beautiful episode of the *Trojan* war in his mind; and that he has not imitated *Grotius*, but the request of *Dido* to *Æneas*, to relate the particular circumstances of the destruction of *Troy*, in these words:

"Immo age, et a prima, dic, hospes, origine nobis.

Æn. i. 757.

"Nay but at large, my godlike guest, relate." *PITT.*

Strange perverseness this! two christian poets are both handling the same subject, introducing the same collocutors, an angel and the father of mankind,

mankind, and both using almost the very same words; (for it is absolutely certain, that *Milton* had *Grotius* before him) and yet the vindicator will have it, that his poet, neglecting his christian pattern, alludes to a fabulous love-story. This is precisely the same way of reasoning, as if any one, after reading *Dr. Young's* beautiful and sublime description of a horse, paraphrastically translated from the book of *Job*, should confidently maintain, that the learned doctor had not the sacred book of *Job* in his eye, but the fourth book of *Virgil's Georgics*, where the poet treats of bees: there being just as much analogy betwixt *Adam* and the Angel *Raphael*, and *Dido* and *Aeneas*, as betwixt a horse and bees. Should not a man of common sense be ashamed to fly to such wretched shifts, such unfair altercation, rather than honestly submit to truth? *Milton*, indeed, has introduced too much of the heathen mythology into his poem, by which he has debased, not a little, the most sublime and sacred of all subjects; according to the opinion of *Dr. Bentley*, *Mr. Addison* himself, *Rollin*, and every other unprejudiced critic: the mixture being not more contrary to the nature of his subject, than to common sense.

GROTIUS.

Innominata quæque nominibus suis,

Libet vocare propriis vocabulis.

MILTON.

MILTON.

Things by their names I call, tho' yet unnam'd.

B. xii. 140.

Here again, the vindicator, from his officious zeal to make his poet a constant imitator of the antient heathen poets, will have it; that *Milton*, in the passage above quoted, had not *Grotius* in his view, but the following verse of *Virgil*:

Hæc tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine terræ.

Æn. vi. 777.

Unpeopled now they lie, and lands without a name.

PITT.

And, in support of this, he tells us that the eleventh and twelfth books of *Paradise Lost* are noted imitations of the sixth *Æneid*. But tho' there should be allowed some shadow of similitude in both places, yet the particular application of the thought determines the passage to be taken from *Grotius*. And I am the more confirmed in the opinion, that the eleventh and twelfth books of *Paradise Lost* are not imitations of the sixth *Æneid*, as has been hitherto supposed, since they seem to be a more exact copy of the *Virgilius Evangelizans* of Doctor *Alexander Ross*, in which he has described the history of the old and new testament, with wonderful art, in *Virgil's* verse, by making proper alterations, as his subject required. That
this

this is the case, I hope clearly to prove in the progress of this work. *Milton* is imitating christian poets (without whose help we should never have seen *Paradise Lost* in its present perfection) and the vindicator will have it, that he is all the time pursuing the steps of pagans.

GROTIUS.

Terrestreis orbis rector! et princeps freti!

Cœli solique soboles! ætherium genus!

Adame! dextram liceat amplecti tuam!

Ruler of this terrestrial globe! lord o' th' sea!

Offspring of heav'n and earth! ætherial race!

Adam! allow me to salute thy hand.

MILTON.

Offspring of heav'n and earth! and all earth's lord!

B. ix. 273.

GROTIUS.

Quod illud animal, tramite obliquo means,

Ad me volutum flexili serpit via!

Sibila retorquet ora setosum caput,

Trifidamque linguam vibrat: *oculi ardent duo,*

Carbuncolorum luce certantes rubra.

Adrecta cervix furgit, et maculis nitet

Pectus superbis: cœulis picti notis

Sinuantur orbes: *tortiles spiræ micant*

Auri colore: lubricum longos sinus

Tendit volumen: terga se in gyros plicant.

Nunc se reclinat flexile in collum caput,

Retroque spectat, quodque caudæ proximum

Nodatur agmen, lumine adverso videt.

Quodcumque

Quodcumque tandem est propius huc ad me venit;
 Pronos propinquâ fundit anfractus viâ,
 Longosque tractus pedibus advolvit meis.
 Adtollit ora: miror an queat et loqui.

What animal, gliding in path oblique,
 Rowls hitherward his winding course!
 His hairy head writhes back his hissing jaws,
 And brandishes his three-fork'd tongue; *his eyes*
Glare ardent, vying with carbuncle's flame.
 His neck erected tow'rs; his breast with spots
 Magnific shines; with marks cerulean wave
 His painted orbs; *glissring with golden hue*
His tortuous spires appear; his slipp'ry train
 In lengthen'd folds dilates; in circles weaves
 His back: and now his bending head upon
 His neck reclines; and wistful looks behind,
 And with opposing front his wreathing tail,
 In knots convolv'd, with piercing eyes beholds.
 Whate'er it is, to me its course directs,
 His winding tract along the way projects,
 Advancing to my feet with lengthen'd pace.
 His head he rears: I wonder if he speaks.

MILTON.

So spake th' enemy of mankind, inclos'd
 In serpent, inmate bad! and towards *Eve*
 Address'd his way: not with indented wave,
 Prone on the ground, as since; but on his rear,
 Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd
 Fold above fold, a surging maze! His head
 Crested aloft, and carbuncles his eyes.

With

With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect
 Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
 Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape,
 And lovely! ————— B. ix. 494.

The vindicator again, with his usual confidence, assures us, that the description of the serpent is *Milton's* own; and let him think so for me, provided it be not imposed as an article of faith. I believe no person of learning and true judgment will be of this opinion, while so strong a resemblance subsists betwixt the two descriptions. To point this out minutely would be paying a sorry compliment to the understanding of my readers. However, I cannot forbear observing, that the serpent's eyes would not likely have been compared, by both poets, to carbuncles, if the one had not copied the other.

GROTIUS.

————— Nata Deo! atque homine fata!
 Regina mundi! eademque interitus inscia!
 Cunctis colenda! —————

MILTON.

Daughter of God and man! immortal *Eve*!
 Empress of this fair world! resplendent *Eve*!
 Sov'reign of creatures! universal dame!

B. ix. 291, 568, and 612.

Here the vindicator informs us, that I formerly said these lines of *Milton* were taken

F

from

from *Ramsay*. 'Tis true I did say so, and what I said was probable: but I have since found a nearer resemblance in *Grotius*.

GROTIUS.

Rationis etenim omnino paritas exigit,
Ego bruta quando bestia evasi loquens;
Ex homine, qualis ante, te fieri Deam.

MILTON.

That ye shall be as Gods, since I as man,
Internal man, is but proportion meet:
I, of brute, human; ye, of human, Gods. B. ix. 710.

It is plain to a demonstration, that *Satan's* reasoning, in both authors, is the same, and expressed in the same words.

GROTIUS.

Per sancta thalami sacra, per jus nominis
Quodcumque nostri: sive me natam vocas,
Ex te creatam; sive communi patre
Ortam, sororem; sive potius conjugem:
Cassam, oro, dulci luminis jubare tui
Ne me relinquas: nunc tuo auxilio est opus,
Cum versa sors est. Unicum lapsæ mihi
Firmamen, unam spem gravi adflicta malo.
Te mihi reserva, dum licet: Mortalium
Ne tota suboles pereat unius nece:
Tibi nam relicta, quo petam? aut ævum exigam?

By wedlock's sacred league, by the dear names
Of mutual ties: whether a daughter me,

Sprung

Sprung from yourself, you call; or call me sister,
 As from one common fire; or yet vouchsafe
 To call me by the dearer name of wife:
Depriv'd of the sweet beams of your high favour
For sake me not I pray; your help I need,
Now since our lot is chang'd; my only stay!
My only hope! with grievous ills distress.
 For me yourself reserve, while 'tis allow'd;
 Left by your single death, all mortal race
 Should wholly be cut off. *O! left of thee,*
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?

MILTON.

For sake me not thus, *Adam!* Witness heav'n!
 What love sincere, and rev'rence in my heart,
 I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
 Unhappily deceiv'd. Thy suppliant,
 I beg and clasp thy knees: bereave me not
 (Whereon I live) thy gentle looks, thy aid,
 Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress,
 My only strength and stay! forlorn of thee,
 Whither shall I betake me? where subsist? B. x. 914.

GROTIUS.

Tu namque soli numini contrarius,
Minus es nocivus; ast ego nocentior,
 (Adeoque misera magis, quippe miseriæ comes,
 Origoque scelus est, lurida mater mali!)
Deumque læsi scelere, teque, Vir! simul.

For you, as contrary to God alone,
 Are sure less guilty; I more guilty far—
 (And far more wretched, since 'tis past dispute,

That guilt is both th' attendant and the source
Of mis'ry, and of ill the baleful parent)
Have, by my crime, both sinn'd 'gainst God and you.

MILTON.

——— On me exercise not
Thy hatred, for this mis'ry befallen;
On me, already lost! me! than thyself
More miserable! Both have sinn'd, but thou
Against God only; I against God and thee. B. x. 927.

Here again the likeness is so striking, that to
point it out would be only an unnecessary ex-
pense of time.

GROTIUS.

Quod comedo, poto, gigno, diris subiacet.

MILTON.

All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse! ——— B. x. 728.

Arms and the man I sing, is not more a trans-
lation of *arma virumque cano*, than *Milton's*
english lines are of the latin ones of *Grotius*.
However new this discovery may appear, it is
not the less real. I shall only consider one pas-
sage more from this author, and then proceed to
another.

GROTIUS.

O magne rector! O gubernator poli!
Non jam resisto, volo, volo discedere:
Subfulcta pigris membra sed genubus labant,
Retroque, quoties gradior, abreptus feror.

Quo

Quo miser abibo? Quem locum profugus petam?

Ubi morabor? Quamque tellurem excolam?

Monstra latebram, quæso, longinquam, abditam,

Ubi nulla signa pristini restent boni;

Ubi nil in animum perditam Hedenem mihi

Pomosque revocet, quum meis mergar malis.

Nemus beatum! verque perpetuum loci!

Felixque regio! cujus, heu! frustra mihi

Concessit usus, tempore interiit brevi,

Arborque vitæ! cujus effectû frui

Vetat altera arbor, luridæ pestis parens—

Valete! Tuque! quæ quater gemino alveo

Adluere tellus! Dulcia Euphratis vada!

Felicitatis conscia, atque animi mei,

Quem sæpe vobis cantico prompsi sacro;

Et quidquid hortus iste servavit boni,

Numquam videndum rursus, æternum vale!

Hoc vos supremum tueor. En fugio! exeo!

Mortifera vitia! dira morborum lues!

Languor caducus! horridus febrium tremor!

Labor, dolorque! et cumulus instantis mali!

Vos ite mecum! tristis exsulij duces!

O governor of heav'n, and earth, and sea!

I now resist no more: I'll go, I'll go;

But my faint limbs forget their wonted office,

And when I would advance, I backward slide.

Whither shall I betake me, wretch! what place,

Shall I, an exile, seek? O where reside?

What part of this wide earth shall I inhabit?

Shew me some secret corner, dark, remote,

Where no sweet tracts of former bliss remain?

Where nought to my remembrance may recall,
 When plung'd in grief, lost *Eden* and its fruits.
 Thou blessed grove! ye everlasting springs!
 Ye regions mild! whose short-liv'd happiness,—
 Alas! how soon extinguish'd — is no more!
 And O, thou tree of life, whose influence kind,
 That other tree, of ills dread source! forbids!
 Farewell!—And thou, dear land! that with four streams
 Art kindly lav'd! great *Euphrates'* smooth flood,
 Conscious of all my bliss, of all my thoughts,
 Which oft' to you in sacred song I utter'd!
 And whatsoe'er that garden kept of good,—
 No more to be enjoy'd — farewell, for ever!—
 Take this last look — I go, I fly! and ye,
 Ye deadly sins! disease's direful plagues,
 Fevers, and feeble fainting, aguish colds!
 Labor and sorrow! ev'ry instant ill!
 Attend my steps, guides of my exile sad!

MILTON.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!
 Must I thus leave thee, *Paradise*? thus leave
 Thee, native soil! these happy walks and shades,
 Fit haunt of Gods! where I had hope to spend
 Quiet, tho' sad, the respite of that day,
 That must be mortal to us both! O flow'rs,
 That never will in other climate grow,
 My early visitation, and my last
 At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
 From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye names!
 Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank

Your

Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount?
 Thee, lastly, nuptial bow'r! by me adorn'd
 With what to fight or smell was sweet! from thee
 How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower word; to this obscure
 And wild? How shall we breathe in other air
 Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits? B. xi. 268.

All these passages, especially the melancholy turn of the last, are so evidently similar, that no unprejudiced mind can doubt, that this tragedy of *Grotius* has had a principal share in the foundation of *Paradise Lost*.

The *State of Innocence, or Fall of Man*, is a proof how readily *Milton's* poem, which was founded on a tragedy, may be reduced to a tragedy again. But there is this remarkable difference between the two authors, that *Dryden*, tho' never reputed a man of the strictest morals, frankly acknowledged to whom he stood obliged; while *Milton*, notwithstanding his high pretensions to truth and integrity, most industriously concealed his obligations. I have introduced the following passage from *Dryden's* play, in comparison with that last quoted from *Milton*, to give an instance of resemblance, where imitation is openly and avowedly professed; and I think it must appear, if we consider the three

passages together, that *Milton's* is no less an imitation of *Grotius*, than *Dryden's* is of *Milton*.

EVE.

—————Farewell! ye happy shades!

Where angels first should practice hymns, and string
Their tuneful harps, when they to heav'n would sing.

Farewell, ye flow'rs! whose buds with early care
I watch'd, and to the chearful sun did rear.

Who now shall bind your stems? or, when you fall,
With fountain streams your fainting souls recall?

A long farewell to thee, my nuptial bow'r!

Adorn'd with ev'ry fair and fragrant flow'r!

And last, farewell, farewell, my place of birth!

I go to wander in the lower earth,

As distant as I can: for, dispossess'd,

Farthest from what I once enjoy'd, is best!

I shall only remark further, that as the great Mr. *Addison* (notwithstanding his partiality to our author) and the learned Dr. *Bentley*, both blame *Milton* for concluding his poem in so mournful a strain; the same conclusion in *Grotius*, which is quite proper in a tragedy, tho' not in an epic poem, will convince the reader, that the english poet was led into that error, by treading too closely on the heels of our young latin tragedian; who has as much reason to complain of ungrateful usage at *Milton's* hand, as the prince of the latin poets, when he exclaimed

ed with indignation, from a consciousness of Injury done him by *Bathyllus*,

Hos ego verficulos feci, tulit alter honores !

'Tis true, *Milton's* vindicator has contrived an odd sort of an excuse for his author, for the freedom he has used with this tragedy of *Grotius*. He tells us from Mr. *Fenton's* authority, who writes his Life: " That *Milton* was introduced to the Acquaintance of *Grotius*, at Paris, by means of Lord Viscount *Scudamore*, Ambassador from King *Charles* the first, at the court of *France*; that 'tis not improbable that *Grotius* might make our poet a Present of his tragedy, which was one of the amusements of his youth; that *Milton* might highly value that work, not only for its intrinsic worth, but for the esteem he had for the author; that the most shining parts of it might warm his fertile imagination (as those of *Hommer* and *Virgil* did before) which time improved not, but improved." This is the sum of his quaint apology. Had *Milton* informed us of this circumstance, according to the maxim of an old heathen author, *Ingenui est hominis profiteri, per quem profeceris*, I would have admitted the apology to be just: but where, pray, has *Milton* done it? Or rather, has he not, in the

the most express terms, in the beginning of his work, affirmed the contrary, by disclaiming all manner of help and assistance in composing his Poem, and asserting that his muse pursues

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme !

Have not mankind, by giving too implicit a faith to this bold assertion, been deluded into a false opinion of *Milton's* being more an original author, than any poet ever was before him? And what but this opinion, and this only, has been the cause of that infinite tribute of veneration, that has been paid him these sixty years past? Hence so many editions, translations, commentaries, lives, encomiums, marble busts, pictures, gold and silver medals. The vindicator would not only have me excuse his author, but even commend him, for the freedom he has used with his friend *Grotius's* performance. But I must take the liberty to inform him, that my notions of morality taught me quite another lesson, than to bestow the praise due to ingenuity and integrity, on persons of a different character.

I shall now, in further support of my charge, produce a few passages from a work, nothing inferior to the two already cited: It was printed at *Edinburgh*, anno 1633, and addressed to King

Charles

Charles the first, by the author, the Reverend Mr. *Andrew Ramsay*, at that time professor of divinity in the university of *Edinburgh*, as he had been of philosophy, for several years before, at *Saumur* in *France*. He was not only eminent in both these professions, but was also a most excellent poet, in the opinion of *Olaus Borrichius*, a very competent judge, who only blames him for his mixture of heathen mythology: but if that be a fault in a sacred poem (as it seems now universally agreed upon) *Milton* stands infinitely more obnoxious to the censure than he, who comparatively may plead not guilty; though, doubtless, his great authority and example have contributed not a little to mislead *Milton*. The judgment of *Olaus Borrichius*, concerning professor *Ramsay's* performance, in his dissertation on poets, is as follows: “ *Andrææ Ramsæi*
 “ *Scoti Epica de creatione rerum; de felicitate*
 “ *hominis in primigenia integritate; de lapsu*
 “ *Protoplastæ, et omnium in eo posterorum;*
 “ *de generis humani per Christum reparatione;*
 “ *sacro calore ignescunt: nec succo destituuntur*
 “ *poetico, immo plus fatis nonnumquam eo ex-*
 “ *uberant, dum in repræsentatione rerum plus*
 “ *subinde hauriunt ex gentilium fabulis, quam*
 “ *conveniat tam religioso argumento.”* *The*
Epics of Andrew Ramsay, a Scotchman, on the
Creation

*Creation of the world; on man's happiness in his state of innocence; on the fall of Adam, and, in him, of all posterity; and, finally, of man's restoration by Jesus Christ; glow with sacred Warmth. Nor are they destitute of poetic strength; nay, they abound more than enough with it, while, in his descriptions, they derive more from heathen mythology, than is consistent with so sacred a subject. A character, though just and severe, yet, at the same time, lofty and honourable! However, a much better judge, as well as poet, Dr. Arthur Johnston, (physician to King Charles the first, and formerly poet laureat to the king of France, for the space of twenty years in which he resided in that kingdom) has been pleased to honour his learned countryman's performance with the following most extraordinary encomium, which *Borrichius*, perhaps, had in his eye. Let us hear the *British Ovid*.*

Hic juga Parnassi coeunt cum rupe Sionis,
Mixtaque Jordani Castalis unda fluit.

Here mount *Parnassus* and blest *Sion* meet,
And, like companions kind, each other greet!
Here *Jordan's* hallow'd wave, majestic, flow,
And *Helicon's* fair flood in sweet conjunction flow!

That

That *Milton* also has thought it a most noble performance, I shall shew from the extraordinary use he has made of it. 'Tis true, *Ramsay's* poem has been lately called a cento from *Virgil*: but I hope to shew, (and I think I have partly done it already) that *Milton's* stands infinitely more exposed to that censure, being compiled out of all authors, antient or modern, sacred or profane, who had any thing in their works, suitable to his purpose; nor do I blame him for this unlimited freedom, but for his industriously concealing it. But to proceed, *Ramsay's* work is divided into four books, and consists of about fifteen or sixteen hundred lines. The first book contains a poetical paraphrase on the creation of the world, the substance of which, as I observed before, together with a few strictures from *Grotius*, *Du Bartas*, and *Ross*, *Milton* has thrown, by way of Episode, into his seventh book. The second exhibits a description of man's happiness in a state of innocence, together with a most exalted and sublime encomium on marriage, as the only lawful means appointed by God, for the propagation of the human species, to which *Milton* often alludes. The third represents the fall of man; and the fourth, man's redemption by *Christ*. As this excellent author's work (which may properly be called

Paradise

Paradise Lost in embryo, since it was wrote before *Milton*; as, on the other hand, it might justly have been named *Paradise Lost* abridged, had it been written after *Milton*) was inserted in the second volume of the *Deliciæ poetarum Scotorum*, printed at *Amsterdam*, anno 1637, and consequently is not so scarce as the other two pieces of *Grotius* and *Masenius*: As this is the case, I say, I shall content myself with presenting a few passages, only, from it, though *Milton* has transfused almost the whole substance of it into his poem, but with so much art, that it requires no small degree of attention to trace him out minutely. *Ramsay's* divine work begins thus, where every line breathes forth a sublime, masterly, and truly poetical genius,

Quæ massæ dedit orsa rudi vis diva creatrix,
 Distribuitque locis, discludens Nerea terras;
 Visque opifex eadem ut sinuatis orbibus orbes
 Arcuit, et cœli camerat fastigia summa:
 Utque hominis libata polo mens numinis hausu,
 Semina mortiferæ labis concepit Edene,
 Unde Dei soboles cœli radiantia templa
 Liquit, ut æthereæ reduces nos sisteret arce,
 Argumentum ingens! celsæ dignum alite mentis!
 Pandere fert animus. Mihi tu, qui mœnia mundi
 Struxisti, glomerans flammato fornice cœlum,
 Adfis, sancte Parens! Facilisque in vota vocanti
 Adfis, Nate Patris! Mundi melioris origo!

Qui

Qui Patre, qui Nato manas, communis utrique
Spiritus! adspira! atque animis inlabere nostris!

Non mihi Pegafides curæ, non præses Apollo
Pegafidum, nil Cirrha juvat, nil numina vana.

Alma Trias! Deus unus agat præcordia motu!

Ut sacrare ævo, numerisque extendere possim

Fæcta Dei, et rerum tantas evergere moles.

What pow'r divine to the rude mass of things

Gave birth; assigning each its proper place:

Old ocean to his own appointed bed

Confining: How the same effective pow'r

Orbs within orbs created, heav'ns high arch

Extended wide o'er sea and shore: *and how*

The human soul, by God inspir'd from heav'n,

In Eden's paradise of mortal guilt

The seeds conceiv'd; whence God's eternal son

Forsook heav'n's radiant mansions, that lost man

He might restore to climes of forfeit bliss,

A lofty theme! worthy a daring soul!

I mean t' unfold. Be present to my aid,

O thou! who heav'n and earth's foundation laid't,

Eternal father! Hear my suit, invok'd,

Thou coeternal Son! of a lost world

Restorer! Of a better thou, prime source!

From Father, and from Son proceeding! deign

Thy influence, Holy Spirit! and gently glide,

With sweet influx, into my inmost soul!

No muses are my care, nor *Phæbus* self,

The muses patron; *Cirrha* nought avails,

Nor fabulous heathen deities, vain names!

Bless'd

Bless'd Trinity! one God! my spirit raise!
 That to posterity I may transmit
 God's noble acts, and weighty truths unfold,
 In never dying verse; immortal theme!

Whoever attentively compares this passage with *Milton's* introduction, and does not perceive the strongest resemblance between them, must be not a little under the power either of ignorance or prejudice, or both. The analogy in the concluding lines is so very striking, that I cannot avoid requesting my reader to lay his hand upon his heart, and answer sincerely, whether he does not think, the turn of *Ramsay's* passage, and that alone, suggested the thought to *Milton*. If I shall be told, that *Milton* has improved upon it greatly, I frankly own it; and it was both natural and easy for him, who wrote last to do so; according to the proverb, *Set a dwarf upon a giant's shoulders, and he will see further than the giant*, much more one of *Milton's* extensive capacity. It is scarce necessary to mention, that, as *Ramsay* has *argumentum ingens*, *Milton* has *great argument*. In short, the use and inference in both poets is the same, though I deny not that *Milton* has heightened the sense, which he generally does; and in this consists his chief merit through the whole work.

I shall forbear troubling the reader with more quotations from this first book, as the author does little more than exhibit a poetical paraphrase on *Moses's* account of the creation, which, I shall be told, *Milton* might as well paraphrase in English verse, as translate from *Ramsay's* Latin: I shall, therefore, proceed to the third book, in which the author treats of the fall of man, almost in the same manner that *Milton* does. This last represents *Satan's* malignity against man, and envy at his happiness, as arising principally from the meanness of his origin, calling him *a man of clay*, son of despite;

————— This new favorite
Of heav'n, this man of clay, son of despite,
Whom, us the more to spite, his maker rais'd
From dust. ————— B. ix. 175

And elsewhere,

————— Or, to spite us more,
Determin'd to advance into our room
A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,
Exalted from so base original !
With heavenly spoils; our spoils. — 147

And this he does, undoubtedly, because *Ramsay*, as well as *Masenius*, did so before him.

Nos, genij æterni! cœlo quibus ortus ab alto,
Sedibus expulsi ætheriis, loca lucis egena
Incolimus, sine fine damus, proh! vindice poenas
Numine! *et hic Adam, qui terræ filius! oras*
Telluris tenet, et cœli spe devorat arces!
Siccine nos genij ruimus? *stat pulvere cretus?*

We spirits eternal, whose exalted birth
From heav'n arose; expell'd ethereal seats,
Inhabit regions void of light, where pains
Endless we suffer, inflicted by the hand
Of vengeful deity! *while this son of clay*
Adam possesses earth's capacious plains,
And in his hope devours the realms of heav'n.
And fall thus spirits immortal from our state?
And does an earth-born wretch thus firmly stand?

Milton represents the Devil as flattering *Eve*
with lofty appellations; such as,

Empress of this fair world, resplendent *Eve!* B. ix. 568

Sov'reign of creatures! universal dame! — 612

And describes, at large, his insinuating address,
and artful reasonings;

Indeed! Hath God then said that of the fruit
Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,
Yet lords declar'd of all in earth, or air?

— 656

Queen

Queen of this universe! do not believe
Those rigid threats of death: ye shall not die. B. ix. 684

Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast
Is open? ————— — 691

Why then was this forbid? Why, but to awe;
Why, but to keep you low, and ignorant,
His worshippers? ————— — 703

Or is it envy? And can envy dwell
In heav'nly breasts? ————— — 729

Goddeſs humane! reach then, and freely taſte.
He ended; and his words, replete with guile,
Into her heart too eaſy entrance won. — 732

Ramsay had ſet him the example here.

O terræ pelagique potens! rerumque ſub æthra
O regina! poli quæ ſceptra capeſſere digna!
Et Jovæ trifidum moliri fulmen Olympo!
Quid terras habitas humiles? *Aut ſi Dea terram*
Sub ditione tenes, cur terræ excludere fructu?
Qui victum tenuem, pomumque parabile vobis
Invidet, an Superum dabit ille adcumbere menſis?
Non dabit: et ſi adverſa fedet ſententia mente,
Heu! te vana fides, et ſpes deludit inanis!
Hæc ſerpens: non incuſſum, non irrita vento
Verba volant. —

Of earth, and ſea, and all things under heav'n,
O ſov'reign queen! worthy to rule the ſtars,
And hurl the thunderbolts of mighty *Jove*!

Why deign'st thou to inhabit this low earth?
Or, if a Goddess, thou o'er earth bear'st sway,
Why art thou binder'd to partake its fruits?
 Who, fare so slender, and who, fruit so cheap,
 Debarrs you, will he greater e'er bestow;
 And grant you free admission to his table?
 He will not.—And, if otherwise you deem,
 Beware that no false confidence deceive
 Your baffled mind, and make you hope in vain.
 The serpent thus—nor wander'd in the air
 His empty words, but reach their aim.——

That sameness of thought is as clearly visible
 in this, which was so remarkable in the pre-
 ceding passage.

Milton, upon *Eve's* eating the forbidden fruit,
 represents the general sympathy of nature in the
 following words;

Earth felt the wound; and nature, from her seat,
 Sighing thro' all her works, gave signs of woe
 That all was lost. ————— B. ix. 782

In like manner he represents earth and univer-
 sal nature in the same distress and anguish, on
 occasion of *Adam's* offence;

Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
 In pangs, and nature gave a second groan:
 Sky lour'd, and mutt'ring thunder, some sad drops

Wept

Wept, at completing of the mortal sin

Original! -----

B. ix. 1000

Ramsay, in conjunction with *Masenius* and *Grotius*, suggested the thought, and first paved the way. *Ramsay* says,

Tum cœlum inlabi, et circum tremere omnia visa:
Styx! Acheron! Phlegethon! Chaos! et regna invia luci
Ditis! et horrifono stridentes cardine portæ
Panduntur! flammæque vomunt! subitoque tumultu
Tota coit signis infestis machina mundi!

The heav'ns began to bow, all things to shake!
Th' infernal streams to smoke with sulph'rous heat!
Styx, *Chaos*, all the gloomy realms of *Dis*,
Their portals grating on their horrid hinges,
Lie open to the view, belching out flames!
And, with fierce onset, and tumultuous jar,
The whole creation joins in conflict dire!

And again, in the same book,

Ecquid ad hoc, cœlum! non sudas? terra! tremiscis?
Ora, uti Theſſalicis, *Titan*! contacte venenis,
Non palles? *Mundi non machina tota! laboras?*

Dost thou not drop with sweat, O heav'n? O earth!
At this sight do'st not tremble? O thou sun!
Turn'st thou not pale, as fables tell, when touch'd
With curst *Theſſalian* poisons? O thou world!
Labour'st thou not, as torn with deadly pangs?

Here we have those very passages, so much admired by Mr. *Addison* and other critics, fairly produced before the reader's eyes, in their original beauty and lustre; which, though hitherto placed to *Milton's* account, he has done little more than translate into *English*. But, to elude the force of this argument, his vindicator, with great solemnity, assures us, that in the Latin verses cited from *Ramsay*, there is scarce a word his own, but that 'tis a perfect cento from various parts of the *Æneid*; that *Milton* has caught fire from the *Mantuan* poet, and improved the blaze: and to crown this judicious remark, he cites the following passage;

——— Prima et tellus, et pronuba Juno,
Dant signum; fulsere ignes, et conscius æther
Connubiis; summoque ulularunt vertice nymphæ.

Æn. iv. 166

Earth shakes, and *Juno* gives the nuptial signs;
With quiv'ring flames the glimm'ring grotto shines;
With lightnings all the conscious skies are spread;
The nymphs run shrieking round the mountains head.

PITT.

This gentleman is very unlucky in his citations, (though, by the way, most of what he says on this point he has stolen from Mr. *Addison*, thereby perfectly resembling the author he defends;) the

the lines of *Virgil* being entirely expressive of * joy, upon the consummation in the supposed nuptials of *Dido* and *Æneas*, according to *Ruæus*, and others among the best commentators on that poet: Whereas *Ramsay's* lines, which *Milton* has copied, represent all nature in confusion and anguish, as partaking in the calamity of the lord and master of the universe.

Milton, in his tenth book, represents our first parents as seized with the deepest anguish, when, after their transgression, their eyes were opened, and they perceived their wretched condition; invoking even death to hide them from the presence of their offended judge.

Why delays

His hand to execute, what his decree

Fix'd on this day? why do I over-live?

Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out

To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet

Mortality my sentence, and be earth

Insensible! how glad would lay me down

As in my mother's lap! there I should rest

And sleep secure: his dreadful voice no more

* The word *ulularunt*, used by *Virgil*, is used, also, in a joyful sense, in the following line of *Lucan*;

Lætis ululare triumphis. i. e. To exclaim with joyful triumphs.

Would thunder in my ears: no fear of worse
 To me, and to my offspring, would torment me
 With cruel expectation. — Why comes not death,
 (Said he) with one thrice-acceptable stroke
 To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word?
 Justice divine not hasten to be just? *P. L. B. x. 771.*

Ramsay has a passage to the same purpose,
 which may justly vie with the preceding one.

O iudex! nova me facies inopinaque terret;
 Me maculæ turpes, nudæque in corpore sordes,
 Et cruciant duris exercita pectora pœnis:
 Me ferus horror agit. Mihi non vernantia prata,
 Non vitrei fontes, cœli non aurea templa,
 Nec sunt grata mihi sub utroque jacentia sole;
 Judicis ora Dei sic terrent, lancinat ægrum
 Sic pectus mihi noxa. O si mi abrumpere vitam,
 Et detur pœnam quovis evadere letho!
 Ipsa parens utinam mihi tellus ima dehiscat!
 Ad piceas trudarque umbras atque infera regna!
 Pallentes umbras Erebi, noctemque profundam!
 Montibus aut premar injectis, cœlique ruina!
 Ante tuos voltus, tua quàm flammantiaque ora
 Suspiciam, caput objectem et cœlestibus armis!

O judge! a new and unexpected state
 Strikes me with dread, Foul stains, and guilty sense
 Of nakedness, wound deep my tortur'd breast.
 Wild horror rends me. Not the verdant meads,
 Nor chrystal fountains cool at sultry noon,
 Nor heav'n's resplendent arch of burnish'd gold,

Can

Can solace yield; so much the voice of God,
 My judge, astounds, and pungent sense of guilt!
 O that I could this mortal life break off;
 And punishment by any death evade!
 O! that my mother-earth, with open jaws,
 Would pull me to her centre quite absorpt!
 Or that I were thrust down, with inmates foul,
 To the black shades of hell and tenfold night!
 Or shrouded under piles, and mountain's weight,
 Amidst the wreck of elemental fire!
 Rather than bear thy flaming countenance,
 Thy awful brow, great arbiter of all!
 And to celestial arms this life expose.

The resemblance, in the sentiment, turn, and spirit, of these passages, is so very remarkable, that the least attention must discover it: yet hitherto no one has been thought, either able to write like *Milton*, or even to have attempted his argument. By this time, I hope, the mist of delusion begins to disperse: for though *Milton* has been so long in possession of *Paradise*, that he may even plead prescription in his favour; yet I have ventured (and I think successfully) to call his title in question, as unjustly acquired at first, and which, therefore, no length of time can make valid; according to that known and approved maxim, *quod ab initio vitiosum est, tractu temporis non convalescit*.

I shall

I shall produce only one instance more, from this learned and reverend author, but so clear and unexceptionable, that, the warmest admirers of *Milton*, if they are not determined to shut their eyes against conviction, must be satisfied, that he has copied the work before us. In the ninth book of *Paradise Lost*, *Milton* uses the following most uncommon and remarkable simile, in describing the serpent's manner of accosting *Eve*; when it is certain, he might have introduced many others, which would, as successfully, have illustrated the circumstance:

————— With tract oblique,
 At first (as one who sought access, but fear'd
 To interrupt) side-long he works his way:
 As when a ship, by skilful steers-man wrought
 Nigh river's mouth, or foreland, where the wind
 Veers oft', as oft' so steers, and shifts her sail:
 So varied he; and of his tortuous train
 Curl'd many a wanton wreath, in sight of *Eve*,
 To lure her eye. ————— P. L. B. ix. 510

Ramsay has the same peculiar simile in the following passage; which may serve as a criterion for the whole affair, as it loudly testifies *Milton's* plagiarism:

————— *Ut vento portum qui forte reslante*
Non potis est capere, is malos, et lintea vela,
Carbasseosque

*Carbasseosque sinus obliquat, tendere rectâ
 Qua nequit, incurvo radit vada cœrula cursu:
 Sic gnarus versare dolos, et imagine falsa
 Ludere, Tartareus Coluber, contingere metam
 Se non posse videns primo molimine, cursum
 Mutat, et ad palmam converso tramite tendit.*

————— *As a skill'd pilot, when,
 The winds blowing adverse, he despairs to reach
 The harbour, shifts his sails and masts, and cuts,
 With winding keel, the azure deep; and thus
 Obliquely gains, what the plain course denied:
 So taught to practise fraud, and to deceive
 By false appearances, th' infernal snake,
 Foil'd in his first encounter, 'gins to change
 His course, and in a diff'rent tract pursue
 The promis'd vict'ry ———*

No two things in nature were ever more alike than these passages; nor am I singular in this opinion, but have the joint concurrence of all, to whom I have had occasion to shew them. 'Tis true, indeed, they differ in the application of the simile, but the image is the same in both. Here, again, the vindicator takes uncommon pains to persuade us, that *Milton* copied this simile from *Virgil*, or rather *Ovid*. It would seem all is right with him, if *Milton* has only some heathen poet, perpetually in his eye; as if it were criminal in him once to imitate a christian poet: though, at the same time, there

there is just as much affinity, betwixt the passages cited by him from *Virgil* and *Ovid*, and that of *Milton*, as there is betwixt light and darkness, betwixt an ordinary serpent, and the Devil in the likeness of one, betwixt a ship and the pilot of a ship. Of this the vindicator was abundantly sensible, however he endeavours to throw a mist before the eyes of his readers, by prevaricating, and disguising the true state of the question; which is not about a ship, but the pilot of a ship, not about a common serpent, but the infernal serpent, the Devil. Of this, I say, he was himself abundantly sensible; for in one of his letters, which I chanced to see, he confesses frankly, that he supposed the word *Tartareus* being added to *Coluber*, was, doubtless, what induced me to believe, that *Milton* borrowed that simile of *Ramsay*. Since, therefore, the addition of *Tartareus* to *Coluber* was of so much importance, why did he expunge that circumstance out of his letter, before it was printed? why, but to cloud and obscure the truth; which is no very promising sign of a good cause. And for the same reason, doubtless, it was, that he very unfairly forbore to cite the passages from *Masenius*, *Grotius*, and *Ramsay*, whole and entire, as I inserted them; but contented himself with quoting the three or four first words, only, of every passage; left, by inserting

serting them at large, the truth might have appeared with too great lustre, to the no small detriment of the difficult cause he had undertaken to support.

The reverend Mr. *Birch*, Dr. *Newton*, the late Mr. *Samuel Johnson*, keeper of St. *Martin's* library, and the present Mr. *Samuel Johnson*, author of the plan of a new universal English dictionary, are all of opinion, that *Milton* must have taken that simile from *Ramsay*. And here I cannot avoid mentioning the ingenious author of a * letter, relating to this controversy, who has very well observed, that it seems next to impossible, that two authors could have fallen by accident on a description, that has no necessary connection with the subject. The conclusion of his letter, taken from Dr. *Wallis*, is truly remarkable; where a witty Frenchman is introduced, exclaiming, with triumphant joy, at the discovery, *Il l'a veu! Il l'a veu!* He had seen it! he had seen it! Alluding to *Des Cartes's* pillaging Mr. *Harriot's* great discoveries in Algebra, and publishing them afterwards in his own name, without taking any notice from whom he had them: though these notable discoveries, as the learned Dr. *Halley* assures us, were stolen by *Harriot* from another

* See appendix.

author, named *Viète*. The united authority of these learned and ingenious gentlemen may easily, I hope, counterbalance the single testimony of the vindicator, or any *A. B.* in *England*. Such is the difference, betwixt persons of real learning and candour, and ignorant bigotted zealots, and conceited partial admirers !

I shall now proceed to the *Virgilius Evangelizans* of Dr. *Alexander Ross*, an eminent Scotch divine, and an excellent poet. He published several books, as well in *English*, as *Latin*, and, amongst the rest, this poem, in which he exhibits, with great judgment and art, a compendious history of the old and new testament, in *Virgil's* language and versification. *Olaus Borrichius*, already quoted on a former occasion, makes very honourable mention of the author, and of this piece in particular. And I am acquainted with some persons, who admire the copy more than the original ; that is, wonder more how the reverend author could accommodate *Virgil's* language to so sacred and different a subject, than how *Virgil* could be the original author of his poem at first. The doctor himself seems to have had a very high idea of the superiority of his subject, in the following elegant distich prefixed to the work :

Arma virumque Maro cecinit: nos acta Deumque.

Cedant arma viri, dum loquor acta Dei.

Arms and the man great *Maro* sung of old;

A God, and godlike acts I sing, more bold.

Let warlike deeds give place to godlike acts:

This preference heav'n and common sense exacts.

And it was, certainly, from a persuasion of its usefulness, that the author was induced to address it to King *Charles* the second, then Prince of *Wales*: for the first edition of that work appears to have been printed at *London*, 1638, when that Prince was about eight years old. *Milton* has composed out of this work and *Du Bartas*, the best part of his eleventh and twelfth books, which have hitherto been thought to be borrowed from the sixth *Æneid* of *Virgil*: I mean the plan only of these books; for *Virgil's* subject and *Milton's* are widely different. *Ross* has spiritualized *Virgil*, and, by making him speak like a Christian, adapted him to *Milton's* purpose. Him *Milton* often follows, when he has been thought to copy the former; which I shall endeavour to shew, but briefly, and by a few examples, as the book is by no means scarce, having been printed, more than once, both in *England* and *Holland*.

There

There are few passages, I think, more admired in *Paradise Lost*, than the masterly transition, as Mr. *Addison* justly calls it, in our first parents evening hymn, of which the following lines are a part ;

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
The God that made both sky, air, earth and heav'n,
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole: Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker omnipotent! and thou the day. *P. L. B. iv. 720*

The chief beauty of this passage consists in the sudden transition, from the third to the second person, couched in these words,

———THOU also mad'st the Night,
Maker omnipotent! and thou the day.

But this beauty is not the native growth of *England*; however, *Englishmen*, partial to their own country, may have deemed it so. It is originally to be found in the eighth *Æneid* of *Virgil*, where the *Salian* priests are reciting the praises of *Hercules*, in the third person, and then make an abrupt transition to the second, by a beautiful apostrophe, and address him as personally present. That the reader may have a clearer idea of what I mean, I shall first transcribe the passage

sage as it stands in *Virgil*, and then subjoin the same passage, as altered and christianized by *Ross*, which *Milton* has copied in the verses already cited. *Virgil's* lines run thus;

Tum Sali j ad cantus, incensa altaria circum;
 Populeis adfunt evincti tempora ramis:
 Hic juvenum chorus, ille senum, qui carmine laudes
 Herculeas et facta ferunt: ut prima novercæ
 Monstra manu, geminosque premens eliserit angues:
 Ut bello egregias idem disjecerit urbes,
 Trojamque, OEchaliæque: ut duros mille labores,
 Rege sub Euristheo, fatis Junonis iniquæ,
 Pertulerit. Tu nubigenas, Invicte! bimembres,
 Hylæumque, Pholæumque manu, Tu Cresia mactas
 Prodigia, et vastum Nemea sub rupe leonem.
 Te Stygi tremuere lacus, Te janitor Orci,
 Ossa super recubans antro semesa cruento:
 Nec Te ullæ facies, non terruit ipse Typhœus,
 Arduus, arma tenens: non Te rationis egentem
 Lernæus turbâ capitum circumstetit anguis.
 Salve, vera Jovis proles! Decus addite Divis!
 Et nos et tua dexter adi pede sacra secundo!
 Talia carminibus celebrant: super omnia Caci
 Speluncam adjiciunt, spirantemque ignibus ipsum.
 Consonat omne nemus strepitu, collesque resultant.

Æn. viii. 276

———— The *Salii* dance around
 To sacred strains, with shady poplars crown'd.
 The quires of old and young, in lofty lays,
 Resound great *Hercules'* immortal praise.

H

How

How first, his infant hands the snakes o'erthrew
 That *Juno* sent, and the dire monsters slew.
 What mighty cities next his arms destroy,
 Th' *Oechalian* walls, and stately tow'rs of *Troy*.
 The thousand labours of the hero's hands,
 Enjoin'd by proud *Euristheus*' stern commands,
 And *Jove*'s revengeful queen. THY matchless might
 O'ercame the cloud-born *Centaurs* in the fight;
Hyleus, *Pholus*, sunk beneath thy feet,
 And the grim bull, whose rage dispeopled *Crete*.
 Beneath thy arm the *Nemean* monster fell;
 Thy arm with terror fill'd the realms of hell;
 Ev'n hell's grim porter shook with dire dismay,
 Shrunk back, and trembled o'er his mangled prey.
 No shapes of danger could thy soul affright!
 Nor huge *Typhæus*, tow'ring to the fight,
 Nor *Lerna*'s fiend thy courage could confound,
 With all her hundred heads, that hiss'd around.
 Hail mighty chief, advanc'd to heav'n's abodes!
 Hail son of *Jove*, a god among the gods!
 Be present to the vows thy suppliants pay,
 And with a smile these grateful rites survey.
 Thus they—but *Cacus*' cavern crowns the strain,
 Where the grim monster breath'd his flames in vain.
 To the glad song, the vales, the woods rebound,
 The lofty hills reply, and echo to the sound. PITT.

Thus he, whom the Christian *Maro* follows
 with equal, if not superior, steps, in propor-
 tion to the dignity of his subject.

Circumstant

Circumstant animæ, dextrâ, lævâque, capentes,
 Et cœli innumeri proceres, laudesque Tonantis
 Ingeminant, Christumque canunt: ut monstra Barathri
 Terruerit, veteremque premens eliserit anguem:
 Ut toties sanctam servarit ab hoste Sionem;
 Utque idem Babylon verbo disjecerit urbem;
 Fecerit ut cœlum ac terram, camposque liquentes,
 Lucentemque globum Lunæ, Titaniaque astra.
 Tu fecisti alium mundo lucescere solem;
 Altius utque cadant submotis nubibus imbres;
 Jussisti ut nullo surgant de semine silvæ;
 Utque setent volucres auras, et Nerea pisces,
 Atque per ignotos errent animalia montes.
 Tu regis æterno imperio divosque, hominesque.
 Tu cœlum ac terras, atque æquora numine torques,
 Tu dignus quem tota cohors hominumque deûmque
 Laudibus æternis memorent, et carmine dicant,
 Talia carminibus celebrabant facta Tonantis,
 Dumque canunt, pulsî resonant laquearia templi.

Millions of spirits, all heav'n's unnumber'd peers,
 With songs, surround his throne. The thund'rer's praise
 They hymn, and Christ extol—How, first, O hell!
 Thy monsters he affrighted and dismay'd,
 Bruising thy haughty tyrant's horrid head:
 How many times, from the fell en'my's pow'r,
 He sacred *Sion* sav'd; and *Babylon*,
 Aspiring city, crush'd by his potent word:
 How heav'n and earth he form'd, the azure main,
 The moon's resplendent orb, and starry hosts:
 THOU mad'st the soft'ring sun t'illumine the world,

And show'rs to fall from high disparted clouds:
 Thou caus'd'st woods to rise from seeds unsown,
 The fowls to cut the air, and fish the seas,
 And beasts to range the unknown mountain's top.
 Thou rul'st o'er Gods and men with endless sway:
 Thou heav'n and earth and sea, with pow'r controul'st:
 Thou worthy art, that all, in heav'n and earth,
 Should eternize thy fame, exalted theme!
 Thus in high strains, the thund'rer's deeds they tell,
 While the *Cerulean* pure with triumphs rung.

Upon the stale principles of those gentlemen, who are perpetually recurring to some heathen authority, one, who had never heard of Dr. *Ross's* work, might take it for granted, that he had borrowed from that hemistich of *Virgil*, *Talia carminibus celebrant*, (cited above) a line and a half, towards the end of his seventh book:

So sung they, and the *Empyrean* rung
 With hallelujahs. ———

B. vii. 633

when it is absolutely certain he is indebted for the thought, not to the heathen, but to the christian *Virgil*. The passage, in the *Virgilius Evangelizans*, constitutes the two last lines of the preceding quotation, to which the reader may refer. And, as *Milton* often borrows, at second hand, from profane authors, so does he passages from the sacred scriptures also. One
 would

would be tempted to think, he had copied from the twenty-fourth psalm the following lines,

Open, ye everlasting gates! they sung,
Open, ye heav'ns! your living doors; let in
The great creator, from his work return'd
Magnificent! his six days work, a world!

P. L. B. vii. 565

And yet, considering the liberal use he has made of *Ross*, upon so many other occasions, there is the strongest reason to believe, he stands indebted to him for this also, who has a passage precisely parallel.

Pandite cœlicolæ! portas bipatentis Olympi,
Ut meus hic dominus, jam luce coruscus et auro,
Intret! et in folio patris confidat Eoo!
Utque triumphato cœli ad capitolia mundo
Victor agat roseum super ardua nubila curram!
Hostibus occisis, spoliisque insignis opimis!

Open, ye angels! heav'n's wide-spreading gates,
That our great lord, now more effulgent made,
May enter, and, in due magnificence,
On his dread father's orient throne sit down;
That now victorious, thro' the lofty clouds,
His rosy chariot, to heav'n's capitol,
In triumph o'er the world and his crush'd foes,
Adorn'd with spoils and trophies, he may drive,

'Tis true, the passage in *Milton* refers to our Saviour's return into heaven, when he had finished the work of creation; in *Ross*, to his pompous entry, after his victorious triumph over hell, death, and the grave: but it was not the less adapted to *Milton's* purpose.

I shall content myself, with citing one or two examples only, from each of those authors I am to produce, in further support of my charge: not from a deficiency of proofs, but because I would keep this essay within some reasonable limits. *Milton*, in his introduction, writes thus,

What in me is dark,
Illumine! what is low, raise and support!

which passage owes its rise to the following beautiful ones of *Caspar Staphorffius*, a Dutch poet and divine, in his *Triumphus pacis*, or congratulatory poem on the conclusion of the peace, betwixt the states of *Holland* and the commonwealth of *England*, anno 1655; to which work *Milton* might think he had a lawful title, as his masters were so deeply concerned. The honest Dutchman, to be sure, never dreamt, that the prince of English poets would condescend, to plume himself so liberally with his feathers: but it was *Milton's* custom, to make all authors tributary

tributary to him, whom he read, to recompence, I presume, his trouble in perusing them; and to fancy, that his bare acceptance of their mite of assistance, was reward sufficient, without the formality of a public acknowledgment. Let us hear *Staphorstius*, who, among many others, has contributed to raise *Milton's* reputation, without acquiring any addition to his own.

O charitis lux alma tuæ nebulosa medullæ
Antra meæ, Stygiis in sese obducta tenebris,
Illustret! primoque micet radiosâ nitore!

O! may the sacred light of thy pure grace
Illume the deep recesses of my soul,
Involv'd in Stygian darkness! and thence shine.
With radiant splendor! ———

And again,

Tu sis præsidium, summi patris unica proles!
Da famulo Sophiæ donum! Tu flaminis almi
Sustentes, firmesque meam moderamine mentem!

Thou, only offspring of th' almighty fire!
Be thou my sole defence! True wisdom's gift
Grant gracious to thy servant! My weak mind
Raise and support by thy blest spirit's aid!

In these lines, the turn of *Milton's* sentiment
blazes forth, with such amazing clearness, as

must surely disperse the darkest clouds of prejudice.

Let us now proceed to this author's admirable panegyric on marriage, which will plainly discover to us the source of *Milton's* sentiments on that subject.

Fœdus in humanis fragili quod sanctius ævo!
 Firmius et melius, quod magnificentius, ac quam
 Conjugij, sponsi sponsæque jugalia sacra!
 Quæ sincera fides dextra haud secus atque sigillo
 Tam cupide firmatur ovans, et quæ fruitur tot
 Signis et precibus, tot habens patresque, ducesque,
 Ac desponsa fides, servatrix firma decori
 Connubij. Deus est summus pater ejus et auctor!
 Fœmina sic et mas thalamum sociantur in unum.
 Ipsos vota decent eadem, mens una salubris:
 Ut veluti natura monet, quod consulit æquum,
 Quod concinna rogans ratio validissima suadet;
 Sic sit sancta Venus stabilis, sint vincula amoris
 Candida, et obdurent cunctos sacrosancta per annos.
Auspice te, fugiens alieni subcuba lecti,
Dira libido hominum tota de gente repulsa est:
Ac tantum gregibus pecudum ratione carentum
Imperat, et sine lege tori furibunda vagatur.
Auspice te, quam jura probant, rectumque piumque,
Filius atque pater, fraterque innotuit; et quot
Vincula vicini sociarunt sanguinis, à te
Nominibus didicere suam distinguere gentem.
 Membra fides thalami servare reciproca mandat.

Omnis

Omnis in hoc ævo ipsorum concessa voluptas

Conjugis in gremio tantum solidatur in uno:

Ut penes alterutrum sit corporis una potestas.

Hoc tam magnificum, tam sanctum, tam solidumque,

Percellens animos splendore, tot unde potentes

Heroes, tantosque duces prodire caballo

Trojano veluti certum est, hominumque propago

Tota decet manare pudens: omnisque potestas

In terris ex hac divina stirpe resultat,

Though, as I observed before, *Milton's* sentiments are plainly visible in *Staphorstius*, to an attentive and considerate reader; yet, for the satisfaction of the scrupulous, (for I well know this doctrine will be of hard digestion to many, and, therefore, must be strongly supported, and powerfully enforced) I have marked a few lines, where the resemblance is the most striking, and shall confront the translation of them with *Milton's*.

MILTON.

By thee adult'rous lust was driv'n from men,

Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,

(Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,)

Relations dear, and all the charities

Of father, son, and brother, first were known.

B. iv. 753

STAPHORSTIUS.

Beneath thy pow'r, who shun'ſt the lewd embrace

Of foreign beds, dire lust was driv'n from man,

And only rules o'er flocks and brutal herds,

Wand'ring

Wand'ring with raging fire that knows no law!

By thee, approv'd by laws of heav'n and earth,

By rectitude, by piety and truth,

Father, and son, and brother, first were known!

All, whom the ties of blood unite, from thee

Have learnt, by name, to ascertain their kind.

Milton has decked himself with the spoils of all nations, who have produced any thing fit for his purpose; even a Batavian divine could not escape him.

Doctor *Bentley*, who first endeavoured to open the eyes of the English nation, with regard to *Paradise Lost*, and criticized freely on all the passages of that poem, that were obnoxious to censure, (for he thought it polluted with monstrous defecations, and was for expunging betwixt seven or eight hundred lines, as quite foreign to the nature and essence of such a performance;) the doctor, I say, remarks on the first line of *Milton's* encomium on marriage,

Hail wedded love! Mysterious law!

B. iv. 750

that *mysterious* LAW is a very improper expression, and implies a seeming contradiction. He is of opinion, instead of the word *law*, we should substitute *league*, and thinks that *Milton* actually dictated it so. I suppose the doctor meant, should have done so: for his phantom or person

sona of an editor, interpolating the work, is but a mere chimæra, and impossible, in the nature of things, to be true; as the doctor well knew himself, and scrupled not to acknowledge on proper occasions. Whatever faults, then, are charged by the doctor to the account of the editor, must all be understood to be levelled at the author himself, and to rebound upon him; though the critic thought it impolitic to avow as much. Whether *Milton* dictated *legare*, instead of *law*, in this place, I shall not at present determine: this, however, I am sure of, that if the doctor was alive at this day, and read the verses I have cited from *Staphorsius*, he would fancy, that no small weight was added to his argument, and his conjecture was most happily supported, by finding the word he contends for, authorized by the original; I mean * *scdus* rather than *lex*.

I do not say, that, because *Staphorsius* wrote *scdus* not *lex*, *Milton* was, therefore, necessarily obliged, to confine himself to his original, in case he thought he could substitute a more proper word: but if the word, used by *Milton*, appears less proper than that in the original, 'tis possible

* See the first line of the last Latin passage:

a blunder

a blunder may have crept into the text, and one word been substituted in place of another: and I know not, but many of the learned doctor's conjectures may be confirmed, by having recourse to the original authors, which we are now absolutely sure *Milton* had in his eye, in composing his poem.

I cannot help thinking, but that *Milton* has borrowed, from this author, a great part of the noble hymn, sung by *Adam* and *Eve* in their state of innocence; which is nothing more, than a liberal paraphrase on the universal *Hallelujah*, as it is called, or the hundred and forty-eighth psalm, interspersed with some passages taken from the song of the three children. *Staphorzius* has given us a tolerable paraphrase of the same psalm; and I am as certain, that *Milton* had this work before him, as that I have it before me now. A great part of it is taken from the *Hessian* version of the psalms, which shews how common it is, for one poet to transcribe from another. The author, indeed, took care to inform us, in his preface, that whatever he met with, fit for his purpose, in the writings of others, he, without scruple, inserted in his poem; by which frank confession, he has secured himself against the imputation of plagiarism. The contrary course, *Milton* may boast of, as peculiar

peculiar to himself. But let us attend to *Staphorstius*, who, for near a century, has been quite buried in obscurity.

Cœlestes animæ! sublimia templa tenentes,
 Laudibus adcumulate Deum super omnia magnum!
 Dicamus pariter! vox una per æthera tranet!
 Æterno cœli regi, vitæque parenti,
 Gloria! laus! et honor! majestas summa! tibi que,
 Magna Dei soboles! agne inculcate Jehovæ!
 Omnia in illustri lucentia sidera cœlo!
 Laudibus innumeris summi sint plena Tonantis!
 Omnes et montes, et proxima culmina cœlo,
 Nobiscum magni subsultent laude Jehovæ!
 Ignis edax rerum, permixti grandine nimbi,
 Digna sonent domini præconia! et omne volantum
 Reptiliumque genus cunctum, pecudesque, feræque,
 Seu vos terra gravis teneat, seu limpidus aer,
 Cuncta tonent Domini laudes! bona munera! facta
 Admiranda Dei! toto splendentia mundo!
 Terrarum reges! populique! ac sceptrâ tenentes!
 Imberbes pueri! juvenes! teneræque puellæ!
 Atque ævo graviore senes! mundumque per omnem
 Indigenæ! qua terra patet, qua currit Olympus,
 Nobiscum laudate Deum! celebrate Tonantem!
 Tu quoque nunc animi vis tota ac maxuma nostri!
 Tota tui in Domini grates dissolvere laudes!
 Aurorâ redeunte novâ, redeuntibus umbris.
 Immensum! augustum! verum! inscrutabile numen!
 Summe Deus! sobolesque Dei! consorsque duorum,
 Spiritus! æternas retines, bone rector! habenas,

Per

Per mare, per terras, celosque, atque unus Ithova
 Existens, celebrabo tuas, memorique sonabo
 Organico plectro laudes. Te pectore amabo,
 Te primum, et medium, et summum, sed sine carentem,
 O miris mirande modis! ter maxime rerum!
 Collustrat terras dum limine Titan Eoo!

Celestial spirits! of lofty realms possess'd,
 To the great God exalt your ceaseless praise.
 Let men too praise him! let th' united voice
 Pour *hallelujahs* thro' the liquid air!
 To heav'n's eternal king, parent of life,
 Glory, and praise, and honour be ascrib'd,
 And majesty supreme! The same to thee,
Jehovah's offspring! holy Lamb of God!
 Ye orbs of light, that gild the heav'ns, be full,
 In your wide circuit, of the thund'rer's praise!
 Ye mountains, and ye summits, reaching heav'n,
 Leap with the praise of your great maker, God!
 Devouring flames, and show'rs with hail-stones mixt,
 Sound forth the Lord's praise worthily! Ye fowls,
 Ye fish, ye reptile race, beasts wild and tame,
 All that inhabit earth, or limpid air!
Jehovah's acts, his mercies, all his works
 Of might, resplendent o'er the world, resound!
 Kings, rulers, people, beardless boys, young men
 And tender virgins, fires who bend with age;
 All earth's inhabitants, where earth extends,
 Or the *Cerulean* pure diffuses light,
 With us praise God, and celebrate his pow'r!
 And thou, my soul! with mighty ardor fir'd,
 While the bright morn, or gloomy night returns,

Diffolve

Dissolve your pow'rs in gratitude and praise!
 Great God! immense! august! inscrutable!
 And thou, coequal Son! Thou Spirit blest!
 From Sire and Son proceeding; who alone,
 Kind ruler! hold'st the reins of heav'n and earth,
 And the broad sea; great one-existent God!
 Thy lofty praise, with organs and with harps,
 I'll ever sound; thee with my soul will love,
 Thee first, thee last, thee midst, thee without end!
 While with his light the sun informs the world.

Whoever considers this passage attentively, must surely be convinced of the truth of my assertion. *Milton's* paraphrase, indeed, is vastly more diffused, with which he has also blended several thoughts, from the *Grotian* paraphrase of the hundred and fourth psalm, particularly towards the conclusion, where he introduces our first parents praying, that all good may be conferred, and all evil averted, according to the tenor of the psalm, and *Grotius's* version; for, in the hundred and forty-eighth psalm, there is not one syllable relative to any such petition. He wanted only the first hint, which, when once gained, he was extremely happy at enlarging and improving.

I proceed now to another author, the famous *Cæsar Barlæus*, whom not a few learned men regard, as the best poet of the last century:

though,

though, at the same time, I am not ignorant, that others have entertained a quite different opinion of his merit. But be that as it will, he has translated into Latin verse, in a very elegant manner, several pieces of *Jacobus Catsius*, an excellent Dutch poet, on matrimonial subjects. Among these, the first in order and dignity, as well as the longest, is one, entitled *Paradisus*, or an *Epithalamium* on the marriage of *Adam* and *Eve*: a performance truly sublime! It consists of between eight and nine hundred lines, the substance of which *Milton* has inserted in various places of his *Paradise Lost*. I shall only produce one passage from this work, both because *Barlaeus's* poems are in many hands, and because the task would be endless of pursuing our author through his numberless mazes and labyrinths. The passage is remarkable, and is as follows :

Et jam descendere cerno,
 Nubila qui rumpet curru, celeresque beatus
 Flectet in astra rotas; sequitur sine patre sacerdos,
 Et typicus sine matre senex; cui deinde subibunt
 Justitiæ rectique tenax, trabibusque superstes,
 Et tumidis elapsus aquis! infractaque gestans
 Pectora Thariades; gradientsque per æquora vates
 Legifer, et totas acies et castra ruenti
 Subducens ductor pelago: nec stemmate tanto
 Degener augustis despecta mapalia sceptris

Mutabit Jēſſæ ſoboles, claruſque triumphis;
 Regali victor juvenis ſpectabitur oſtro.
 Quin patri ſeſe comitem felicior addet
 Filius, et quo non regum ſapientior alter;
 Jura dabit populis, et belli neſciet iras.
 Ille piis nobis delubra ingentia cœptis,
 Templaque conſtituet cunctis celeberrima templis;
 Et famæ devota meæ: Quin claſſibus ibit,
 Dives ubi aſſiduis torrebatur ignibus Afer,
 Et timidum quæret cœcis in rupibus aurum.

Ev'n now, I clearly ſee from thee deſcends
 (a) He, who with chariot fierce pierc'd thro' the clouds;
 And, happy, drove his wheels above the ſtars!
 The wond'rous prieſt next follows, unbegot,
 Unborn, *Melchizedec*, great type of Chriſt!
 Him next ſucceeds (b) *Noah*, the good and juſt;
 The builder of the ark, who brav'd the flood.
 Next *Thara's* ſon, (c) the faithful *Abraham*;
 Of ſoul unſhaken ſtill! and, next appears,
 The prophet and the law-giver, who drown'd
 (d) Proud *Pharoah* and his hoſt in the red ſea,
 Thro' which he firſt convey'd the choſen tribes.
 (e) The ſeed of *Jeffe*, high honour of his race!
 For regal ſeat his lowly cottage ſcorns;
 And, yet a ſtripling, from the bloody field,
 With victory and laurels crown'd, returns.
 (f) His ſon, more happy, fills his father's throne;

(a) P. L. B. xi. 670 and 706. (b) — 719. (c) B. xii.
 152. (d) — 194 — 199 — 212 and 215. (e) — 326.
 (f) — 332.

And, eminent in wisdom, to the land
 Gives wholesome laws, nor knows the rage of war.
 He, warm'd with pious zeal, to my great name
 A consecrated temple shall erect,
 For pow'r and grandeur fam'd throughout the world.
 A mighty fleet he also shall prepare,
 And seek the fearful gold in caverns hid,
 Where *Afric* rages with incessant heat.

In these lines, we see the *prima stamina* of the best part of the two last books of *Paradise Lost*, which *Milton* has enlarged from *Du Bartas*, and *Ross's Virgilius Evangelizans*. *Barlaeus* makes mention of *Enoch*, *Melchisedec*, *Noah*, *Abraham*, *Moses*, *David* and *Solomon*, and particularizes the last, on account of his wisdom, riches, and building the temple; the three circumstances taken notice of by *Milton* :

And his next son, for wealth and wisdom fam'd,
 The clouded ark of God, 'till then in tents
 Wand'ring, shall in a glorious temple inshrine.

P. L. B. xii. 332

But I have a much stronger proof that *Milton* has transfused the quintessence of the *Paradisus* of *Barlaeus* into his own, which I shall have occasion to insist copiously upon hereafter.

And

And here I could produce a whole cloud of witnesses, as fresh vouchers of the truth of my assertion, with whose fine sentiments, as so many gay feathers, *Milton* has plum'd himself; like one who would adorn a garland, with flowers secretly taken out of various gardens, or a crown with jewels, stolen from the different diadems or repositories of princes: by which means he shines, indeed, but with a borrowed lustre, a surreptitious majesty. His similies, descriptions, speeches, and such like embellishments, have their original in those learned authors, whose works, according to his own confession, he was possessed of. For instance,

From the *Comædia Apocalypica* of the famous *John Fox* (author of the *English Martyrology*) entitled, *Christus Triumphans*, he borrows the imaginary persons of sin and death; and that quaint and ridiculous emblem of giving up the ghost, covered with the cowl of *St. Francis*: wretched trumpery in an epic poem! for which reason doctor *Bentley* is of opinion, that that passage ought to be expunged with the greatest disgrace, *quasi furcâ* (as he expresses it) together with forty or fifty lines more, before and after it, of the same complexion.

JOANNES FOX.

Tu, Psychephone!

Hypocrisis esto; hoc sub Francisci pallio,

Quo tutò tecti sese credunt emori.

Psychephone, be thou hypocrisy, under this cloak of good St. Francis; enwrapped in which, fond votaries think they safely may encounter death.

MILTON.

And they who, to be sure of *Paradise*,Dying put on the weeds of *Dominic*,Or in *Franciscan* think to pass disguis'd. B. iii. 478

In like manner, our author has borrowed from one of the tragedies of *Johannes Franciscus Quintianus*, the spirited dialogue betwixt *Satan* and *Gabriel*, relating to the excursion of the former out of hell, with a view to elude his pain, which we have towards the end of his fourth book; and that passage at the beginning of the eighth book, where *Raphael* requests *Adam* to relate the manner of his formation, which he was ignorant of, on account of his absence on a commission of great importance. 'Tis true, that in this last from *Quintianus*, the collocutors are *John* and *Peter*, whose conference refers solely to the last judgment; but the manner in which the request is made, and the reason assigned for making it, are perfectly similar in both.

JOANNES

JOANNES FRANCISCUS QUINTIANUS.

Mic. *Cur huc procaci veneris cursu refer ?**Manere si quis in sua potest domo,**Habitare numquam curet alienas domos.*Luc. *Quis non, relictâ Tartari nigri domo,**Veniret ? Illic summa tenebrarum lues,**Ubi pector ingens redolet extremum situm.**Hic autem amœna regna, et dulcis quies ;**Ubi serenus ridet æternum dies,**Mutare volupe est pondus immensum levi.**Summos dolores maximisque gaudiis.*Mic. *Say, with encroaching foot why com'st thou here ?**If any one can in his house abide,**He little will regard another's home.*Luc. *Who, leaving gloomy Tartarus' horrid realms,**Would not come here ? There plagues and sorrow dwell,**Essential darkness, and wide-issuing stench :**Here pleasure sits enthron'd, and balmy peace,**And smiling suns eternally invite.**'Tis joyous, to exchange for torment ease.*

MILTON.

*To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.**Why hast thou, Satan ! broke the bounds prescrib'd**To thy transgressions ? —————**Employ'd, it seems, to violate sleep, and those**Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss ?**To whom thus Satan, with contemptuous brow :**——— Lives there, who loves his pain ?**Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,*

Tho' thither doom'd? thou would'st thyself, no doubt,
 And boldly venture to whatever place,
 Farthest from pain; where thou might'st hope to change
 Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
 Dole with delight; which in this place I fought.

B. iv. 877

QUINTIANUS.

Joan. Severe nostri claviger quondam laris!

Humana cujus regna tremuerunt caput!

Effare qualis meta poenarum fuit

Adjecta miseris: quæve verborum face

Prolata fuerit judicis sententia.

Nam quum superbos reppulit Christus, praeul

Aberam: potentis Virginis factus comes;

Quum latus illam sumpsit in gremio Pater:

Impartial keeper of the keys of heav'n!

Whose pow'r the kingdoms of the earth rever'd!

Say, what the measure of the punishment

Awarded 'gainst th' unjust? With what dread voice

Did the unerring judge his sentence give?

For when the proud delinquents Christ with scorn

Rejected, I was absent; on thy steps

Attendant, virgin mother! when with joy

Th' almighty sire receiv'd thee to his breast.

MILTON.

— Say, therefore, on:

For I that day was absent, as befel,

Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,

Far,

Far, on excursion tow'rd the gates of hell.

But thy relation now : for I attend,

Pleas'd with thy words, no less than thou with mine.

B. viii. 228 and 247

From the *Abramus Sacrificans* of *Theodorus Beza*, written originally in *French*, and afterwards translated into *Latin*, first by *Jacomotius*, and then by *Jacobus Bruno*, where the action is so pathetically delineated, that the learned *Stephen Pasquier* assures us, he could never read it, without feeling the most sensible emotion, and even shedding tears; from this tragedy, I say, *Milton* has taken the hint of one of the finest and most surprizing images in all *Paradise Lost*, namely, that where he represents the devil, relenting, as it were, and shrinking from his hellish purpose of seducing man to disobedience against his maker.

THEODORUS BEZA.

Sat. Stygemque testor, & profunda Tartari,
Nisi impediret livor, & queis prosequor
Odia supremum numen, atque hominum genus,
Pietate motus hinc patris, & hinc filii,
Possem parenti condolere & filio,
Quasi exuisssem omnem malitiam ex pectore.

I here attest black styx, and hell profound,

Did not fell envy hinder, and the hate

I bear to God and man, with pity mov'd

Of son and father, I could both condole,
As if my antient hate I had abjur'd.

MILTON.

That space the evil one abstracted stood
From his own evil, and for the time remain'd
Stupidly good; of enmity disarm'd,
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge. B. ix. 463

From the *Sedeckias* of *Carolus Malapertius* (a most exquisite performance, and nothing inferior to the best of those tragedies, which are transmitted to us, under the name of *Seneca*) besides several other beautiful hints, *Milton* borrows his comparison of *Eve* with *Pandora*.

CAROLUS MALAPERTIUS.

Creduli quondam vitio mariti
Foeminae ad fraudes patuisse narrant
Pyxidem ærumnis gravidam, malisque
Inde morborum incubuisse terris
Agmen, & totum tenuisse mundum,
Hæc fide vates memorent Pelasgæ,
Et coli ad lumen celebrent aniles.
Eva Pandoram facit innocentem,
Et capi blandæ facilis maritæ

UXORIUS ADAM,

'Tis said, that by a cred'lous husband's fault,
A box with curses and with ills surcharg'd,
Was op'd to serve a subtle woman's frauds.

From

From whence of dire diseases a large troop
 Came rushing forth, and spread o'er all the earth;
 Let bards with *Grecian* faith these tales recite,
 And antient matrons o'er their distaffs prate:
Eve renders innocent *Pandora's* crime;
 And *Adam*, by his wife too soon beguild,
 Slave to enticing words, and beauties lure!

MILTON.

What day the genial angel to our fire
 Brought her, in naked beauty more adorn'd,
 More lovely than *Pandora*, whom the gods
 Endow'd with all their gifts, (and O, too like
 In sad event!) when to th' unwiser son
 Of *Japhet* brought by *Hermes*, she insnar'd
 Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
 On him who had stole *Jove's* authentic fire.

B. iv. 712

From the prologue of the *Herodes Infanticida*
 of *Daniel Heinsius*, he has taken a good part
 of the catalogue or enumeration of the gods of
 the antient heathens.

DANIEL HEINSIUS.

Nec sat furori est. Quisque divisit suos,
 Et sacra mille, mille distinxit modos.
 Pars flammæum Titanis immensi caput,
 Pars astra mundo lapsa diverso colit.
 Illinc Gehinnæ vallis, & dirum nefas,
 Quod Caucaſi pruina, quod Taurus ferox,

Totâque

Totâque trepidus mente refugiat Scythes.
Fremitus cruentos inter & tristes modos
Stat execrandi conscius sacri pater
Natumque lætus spectat, & torret, suum.
Hinc pisce Dagon junctus, hinc duplex genus,
Immanis Aferotha, & infamis, Peor,
Et numen omne Belus, & Sors, omnium.
Hinc gens Canopi, prima fallaces sibi
Mentita Divos, Isidis luctum suæ
Et non repertum questibus fratrem sonat,
Sistrumque tollit. Sacra palantis Dee
Tædasque matris Enna dotalis colit;
Semperque natum quærit, & semper gemit.

——— Nor here their madness stays, Each one
 Selects his gods—a thousand sacred rites
 Establishing, a thousand different modes.
Part worship mighty Titan's flaming head;
Part fallen stars around the spacious earth.
Some black Gebenna's vale, and direful guilt,
At which Caucasian blasts, and Taurus fierce,
And frighted Scythia, trembling, stand aghast.
Midst bloody shouts, and melancholy songs,
The father, witness to th' accursed rites,
Stands joyful, and beholds his son expire
Midst raging flames—and lights the fun'ral pile.
Some worship Dagon, fish with man conjoin'd;
Some Aferoth; some Peor's lustful shrine;
And Belial some, and Fortune some adore.
Then Egypt, superstitious, first deov's d
A train of lying gods. Her Isis grief

With

With plaints she mourns, her brother yet unfound,
And beats her timbrels. *Of the wand'ring goddess*
The rites maternal, dotal Enna adores,
And ever seeks, and ever mourns her child.

MILTON.

——— Titan, heav'n's first born! P. L. B. i. 510

First *Moloch*, horrid king, 'besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents tears;
Tho', for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
Their childrens cries unheard, that pass thro' fire
To his grim idol——— Ib. 392

——— And made his grove
The pleasant valley of *Hinnon*; *Tophet* thence
And black *Gebenna* call'd, the type of hell. Ib. 403

Dagon his name; sea-monster! upward man
And downward fish.——— Ib. 462

——— Had general names
Of *Baalim*, and *Ashtaroth*; those male,
These feminine.——— Ib. 421

Next *Chemos*, th' obscene dread of *Moab's* sons.
Peor his other name, when he entic'd
Israel in *Sittim*, on their march from *Nile*,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarg'd
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of *Moloch*-homicide; lust hard by hate. Ib. 406, 412

——— After these appear'd
A crew, who, under names of old renown,
(*Osiris*, *Isis*, *Oris*, and their train,)
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd

Fanatic

Fanatic *Egypt*, and her priests. ——— B. i. 476

————— Not that fair field
Of *Enna*, where *Proserpine* gath'ring flow'rs,
Herself a fairer flow'r, by gloomy *Dis*
Was gather'd, which cost *Ceres* all that pain
To seek her thro' the world. B. iv. 268

From *Phineas Fletcher's Latin* satyr against the Jesuits, in conjunction with *Masenius*, *Milton* has borrowed the turn and spirit of *Satan's* speeches, before, at, and after the grand consultation held at *Pandæmonium*; and were it not that *Fletcher* wrote unquestionably before *Milton*, I should be of opinion that the former had plundered the latter, rather than the contrary, so like is *Fletcher's* devil to *Milton's*.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

Nec tamen æternos obliti (abstite timere)
Unquam animos, fessique ingentes ponimus iras.
Nec fas ; non sic defcimus, nec talia tecum
Gessimus, in cœlos olim tua signa secuti.
Est hic, est vitæ et magni contemptor olympi,
Quique oblatam animus lucis nunc respuat aulam,
Et domiti tantum placeat cui regia cœli.
Ne dubita, numquam fractis hæc pectora, numquam
Deficient animis : prius ille ingentia cœli
Atria, desertosque æternæ lucis alumnos
Destituens, Erebum admigret noctemque profundam.
Et Stygiis mutet radiantia lumina flammis.

In

*In promptu causa est : superest invicta voluntas,
Immortale odium, vindictæ et sæva cupido.*

Nor will we lay aside (drive hence your fears)

Our deathless courage, our enormous wrath,

Or wearied, or forgetful. No, 'twere base!

We yield not so; nor such mean feats attempt,

As when with you we pour'd our war on heav'n.

Behold a mind resolv'd, who heav'n and life

Contemns; who here the proffer'd realms of light

Rejects; whom heav'n subdu'd alone can please.

Doubt not; this soul, this breast shall never fail—

Sooner shall heav'n's almighty king, our foe,

Forego his blissful residence, renounce

The service of his cringing vassal-crew,

Wander thro' gloomy hell and night profound,

And change his radiant beams for Stygian flames.

The reason's just : unconquer'd yet remains

Our will, our hate immortal, our fell lust

Of boundless vengeance.

MILTON.

— — — — — What tho' the field be lost?

All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,

And study of revenge, immortal hate,

And courage never to submit or yield.

B. i. 105

From the *Baptistes* of *Buchanan*, which *Milton* translated, *Mr. Francis Peck* is of opinion, that he has transferr'd not a few thoughts into his *Paradise*

Paradise Lost; which any one may see, who will give himself the trouble to consult the preface prefix'd to his edition of that tragedy. Now it is certain that Mr. Peck had no profess'd design to discover *Milton's* resources; yet he spends near an hundred pages of a quarto volume in tracing his imitations both of antient and modern authors, particularly the fathers.

To prove that my charge is not unjust, besides the passages adduced by Mr. Peck, so clear that no one can contest them, I affirm that these two lines, in the introduction of *Paradise Lost*,

And chiefly thou, O spirit! that dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure.—

derive their existence from the following most beautiful one's of our celebrated countryman; a man of a fertile wit and prodigious learning, whose principles, as well as poetry, *Milton* has strictly copied: for which reason a learned gentleman used, no less wittily, than truly, to call him, *Simia Buchanani*. The lines referred to are as follow,

Non sceptrā spectat, non parentum stemmata,

Decusve formæ, aut regias opes deus;

Polluta nullo corda sed contagio

Cruditatis, Fraudis & Libidinis:

Hoc ille templo spiritus capitur sacer.

Let

Let us advert to *Milton's* translation of *Buchanan's* passage, and see if we cannot discover an exact resemblance between the thought in that, and the lines just cited from his *Paradise Lost*.

God neither sceptre, parents, noble stock,
Beauty, nor kingly riches, doth respect;
But hearts that no contagion of deceit,
Of lust or cruelty doth once pollute:
The holy spirit in this temple rests.

Any one who is not quite blind may perceive that the one is an exact transcript of the other, or else there is no such thing as copying in nature.

In *Milton's* paper, found in *Trinity College, Cambridge*, the title of this very tragedy, *Baptistes*, occurs, amongst fifty or sixty others, all on sacred subjects; from whence, as is evident from the passages already quoted, he derived no small assistance in composing his *Paradise Lost*. And tho' that fatal manuscript of his was lately brought to light to reflect honour on him, for such the reverend Mr. *Birch* informed me was his view in making it public; yet, from the use I have made of it, it serves for a quite contrary purpose.

This

This detection of *Milton's* resources affords demonstration sufficient of the gross mistake Mr. *Richardson* the painter (not to say the world in general) lay under, who, tho' he ingenuously owns, that *Milton* made use of all the assistance he could possibly find, in composing his *Paradise Lost*, was yet of opinion that he could meet with no considerable helps on the subject, either in antient or modern writings, as no author had wrote any thing resembling *Milton's* argument: but how erroneous this opinion was, the learned and judicious reader, by this time, must be abundantly convinc'd. Mr. *Richardson*, indeed, honestly confesses, that he was not master of the learned languages; that he could not read the *Greek* and *Latin* authors in their respective originals: if so, he could be no more a competent judge of the argument, than a blind man can be a proper judge of colours. But then he informs us, he saw with a borrow'd perspective, his son's optics. But with all due deference to these two gentlemen, I must take the liberty to say, that his borrow'd optics were very fallacious. If a blind man cannot see the sun, shining in his meridian, it is not owing to a defect in that glorious luminary, but in the unfortunate person who is depriv'd of the use of sight.

I now proceed to another author, the celebrated *Fredericus Taubmannus*, professor of poetry and eloquence in the university of *Wittemberg* in *Germany*. This gentleman, in the early part of his life, attempted to write a poem in three books, entitled, *Bellum Angelicum*, or the war of the angels. It consists of about nine hundred lines, and appears to be a very masterly performance, for so young an adventurer in poetry: 'Tis pity the author did not finish it, when he arrived at full maturity of judgment and poetical abilities. But such as it is, *Milton* has served himself most liberally with it, and formed from it the best part of his sixth book, by far the most sublime in his whole poem. The passages imitated, or rather translated by *Milton*, are so numerous, that to insert them all, I must nearly transcribe the whole work: I shall therefore insist only on a few, but those very striking.

The first I shall offer contains a description of *Lucifer's* person, perfectly similar to that short one, which *Milton* gives of him, towards the beginning of his seventh book, where he affirms that he excelled his associates in beauty, as much as the star of that name surpassed the other stars.

MILTON.

Know then, that after *Lucifer* from heav'n
 (So call him, brighter once amidst the host
 Of angels, than that star the stars among)
 Fell with his flaming legions through the deep.

B. vii. 131

TAUBMANNUS.

*Senferat hæc (quis enim non talia sentiat ?) in se
 Lucifer, ante alios Genius pulcerrimus omnes,
 Flos Superum, facieque nimis spectabilis altâ ;
 Tanto consortes inter præstantior omnes
 Ibat in augusta divini principis aula,
 Quanto splendidior, quam sidera cætera, fulget
 Hesperus ; & quanto, quam Vesperus, aurea Phæbe.*

Great *Lucifer* (for who would not ?) perceiv'd
 With these celestial gifts himself endow'd ;
*An angel, beauteous far beyond the rest ;
 Of spirits chief, of most exalted mien,
 Excelling all his peers ! Within the court
 Of heav'n's great king, superior too he walk'd,
 As Hesperus shines among the morning stars,
 Or silver Phœbe 'mong the stars of Eve.*

Milton, in his fifth book, assigns God's appointment of his son, to be the head and ruler of all the angelic hosts, as the cause of the revolt in heaven. This some critics have severely blamed him for. But the truth is, he derived his blemishes, as well as his beauties, from other

writers :

writers: for this very sentiment, which has been objected to him as erroneous, is taken from the young *Taubman*.

MILTON.

———— But, not so wak'd

Satan : (so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in heav'n) he of the first,
If not the first arch-angel, great in pow'r,
In favour, and pre-eminence, yet fraught
With envy 'gainst the son of God, that day
Honour'd by his great father, and proclaim'd
Messiah, king anointed, could not bear
Thro' pride that fight, and thought himself impair'd.

P. L. B. v. 657

And' to the same purpose some few pages afterwards;

Thrones ! dominations ! pryncedoms ! virtues ! pow'rs !
If these magnific titles yet remain,
Not merely titular ! since by decree
Another now hath to himself engross'd
All pow'r, and us eclips'd, under the name
Of king anointed ; for whom all this haste
Of midnight-march, and hurry'd meeting here ;
This only to consult, how we may best,
With what may be devis'd of honours new,
Receive him, coming to receive from us
Knee tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile !
Too much to one ! but double, how endur'd !
To one, and to his image now proclaim'd !

But, what if better counsels might erect
 Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke?
 Will ye submit your necks, and chuse to bend
 The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust
 To know you right; or if ye know yourselves
 Natives, and sons of heav'n; possest before
 By none, and if not equal all, yet free. B. v. 772

TAUBMANNUS.

Tune, ait, imperio regere omnia solus? & una
 Filius iste tuus, qui se tibi subjicit ultro,
 Ac genibus minor ad terram prosternit, & offert
 Nescio quos toties animi servilis honores?
 Et tamen æterni proles æterna Jehovahæ
 Audit ab ætherea luteâque propagine mundi.
 (Scilicet hunc natum dixisti, cuncta regentem;
 Coelitibus regem cunctis, dominumque supremum)
 Huic ego sim supplex? ego? quo præstantior alter
 Non agit in superis. Mihi jus dabit ille, suum qui
 Dat caput alterius sub jus & vincula legum?
 Semideus reget iste polos? reget avia terræ?
 Me pressum leviori manu fortuna tenebit?
 Et cogar æternum duplici servire Tyranno?
 Haud ita. Tu solus non polles fortibus ausis.
 Non ego sic cecidi, nec sic mea fata premuntur,
 Ut nequeam relevare caput, colloque superbum
 Excutere imperium. Mihi si mea dextra favebit,
 Audeo totius mihi jus promittere mundi.

Dost thou, said he, then govern all things? thou
 And thy beloved son, who willingly
 Himself to thee subjects, and, vassal-like,

Prostrate

Prostrate upon his knees falls on the ground,
 Off'ring I know not what obeisance low,
 Sure indication of a servile mind?
 And yet is own'd by a vile upstart race,
 Th' eternal offspring of th' eternal Lord;
 And angels, race divine! the same avow:
 (Thou hast declar'd him son, regent o'er all;
 O'er heav'nly spirits king and lord supreme.)
To him must I submissive cringe? even I?
 Than whom in heav'n a greater scarce is known.
 And must he laws to me prescribe, who bends
 His subject head beneath another's yoke?
 What! shall that mongrel-god rule heaven, rule earth?
 Shall fate with hand unequal bear me down?
And must I drag a double tyrants chain?
 Not so! for pow'r is not your single claim!
 I fall not thus! nor is my state so low,
 That I can't rear my head; nor from my neck
 Shake off this empire proud. If my right hand
 Misgives me not, in bold and puissant deeds
 I claim a right o'er all created things,
 And hope to gain the tyranny of heav'n!

In the sixth book (the greatest part of which I have already observed, is ungenerously copied from this young *German*) *Milton* introduces more than once *Satan*, and his infernal crew, scoffing at and reviling their adversaries, in the assured hope of victory.

So spake the prince of angels: to whom thus
The adversary. Nor think thou with wind
Of airy threats to awe, whom yet with deeds
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
To flight? —————

P. L. B. vi. 281

And again,

————— But now
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Ministring spirits, train'd up in feast and song!
Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of heav'n,
Servility with freedom to contend:
As, both their deeds compar'd, this day shall prove.

Ib. 165

To these we may add,

Though, for possession, put to try once more
What thou, and thy gay legions dare against;
Whose easier business were to serve their lord
High up in heav'n, with songs to hymn his throne
And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight.

B. iv. 941

Taubman undoubtedly suggested this unbecoming raillery and ill-timed sarcasm.

Plura locuturum Draco rursus excepit. An armis
Venisti, an lingua mecum certare magistrâ?
Nequidquam increpitas. *Aufer terrere minaci*
Garrulitate meos; dum spe caussaris inani
Nescio quem Jovam; qui se non vendicat ipsum
Despectu, fatoque, meis quod molior armis.

Dextra

Dextra mihi Deus, & stridens hæc lancea, quæcum
Experiær, sitne in cœlo, quod Marte domari
Non queat, & nota inferni virtute Draconis.

While more he essay'd to speak, the dragon fell
Thus interrupts his words : say, art thou come
In arms, or subtle speech, with me to strive?
Your brawling threats are vain : *think not to fright*
My brave associates, with your empty prate ;
While for a vain pretext, with fruitless hope,
I know not what Almighty you pretend,
Who cannot guard himself, by all his pow'r,
From that contempt and fate I now prepare
To hurl upon him by my conqu'ring arms.
My god's this right hand, and this lance ; with which
I mean to try th' omnipotence of heaven!

And again,

Gymnasiis aderit doctis exercita pubes,
Non castris ; vix arma ferens : *quibus otia cordi,*
Et citharæ, & cantus : tantumque sonare Jeshovam
Laude suum docti. Tali cum milite res est !

Young beardless sprites well vers'd in schools not camps,
Scarce able to bear arms, will now appear.
Songs, harps, and indolence, their souls delight ;
Taught only to resound their tyrant's praise :
These are the mighty objects of our war !

*Milton describes the motion of the angelic army
thus.*

————— On they move,
Indissolubly firm ; nor obvious hill,

Nor strait'ning vale, nor wood, nor stream divides

Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground

Their march was, and the passive air upbore

Their nimble tread. ————— P. L. B. vi. 68

The *German* poet held out the lighted torch,
and shewed him this thought in the following
passage,

Iussi prorumpunt : atque acius alite lapsu

Transmittunt campos, pronique ad dæmonis antrum,

Qua juga, qua valles, et quæ via nulla feruntur ;

Jamque humiles, jamque elatos sublime videres

Per rapidamque viam ferri, & volitare per æthram.

Order'd, they sally forth ; *with nimble course*

Swiftly they cross the plains, to Satan's cave,

O'er hills and vales, and pathless ways they're born :

Now high, now low, along the rapid way

They wing their flight, and skim the azure heav'ns.

Milton borrows from this author, also, the
hint of ascribing the invention of gun-powder
and fire-arms to *Satan*,

————— Materials dark and crude,

Of spirituous, and fiery spume. —————

These, in their dark nativity, the deep

Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame ;

Which into hollow engines, long and round,

Thick ramm'd, at th' other bore, with touch of fire

Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth

From

From far, with thund'ring noise, among our foes
Such implements of mischief, as &c. P. L. B. vi. 478

And again,

MILTON.

Which to our eyes discover'd (new and strange !)
A triple mounted row of pillars, laid
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,
With branches lopp'd, in wood, or mountain fell'd)
Brass, iron, stony mold——— Ib. 571

To these it may not be improper to add,
From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods ; and by the shaggy tops
Uplifting bore them in their hands. Ib. 643

TAUBMANNUS.

Spargitur innumerum diverso missile voto ;
Nec vacat hic ullum teli genus ; hic fude pugnæ,
Hic pinu flagrante ciet, hic pondere pili ;
Ille pilis quas flamma volans jacit ære cavato,
Flamma, salisque, nitrique, & sulphuris acta furore.

Mean while, with equal rage, but diff'rent aim,
Innumerable missive weapons fly:
Nor lies one unemployed of any kind.
This with a pointed spear the battle joins ;
That with a burning pine encounters fierce ;
This with a weighty jav'lin meets his foe ;
Another balls disgorges from a tube

Of

*Of hollow'd brass, by touch of flashing fire;
The mingled rage of nitre, sulphur, salt!*

These plain and incontestable proofs are surely sufficient, to convince every intelligent reader, that this elegant work, among many others, has enabled *Milton* to reach the summit of *Parnassus*, more truly than that extraordinary poetical inspiration, which the deluded world has hitherto imagined him possessed of.

I shall now take notice of another performance, namely, *Du Bartas's divine weeks and works*, which *Milton* has made use of as a hidden mine. This poem the learned Mr. *Teissier* (in his additions to his translation of the elegiums of learned men, extracted from the history of *de Thou*) informs us, was received with such universal applause upon its first appearance, as to pass through more than thirty different editions, in the space of five or six years. It was translated into *Latin* by different hands, and also into several modern languages, namely, *Italian*, *Spanish*, *German* and *English*, and even the *Danish*, as *Borrichius* informs us. The famous *Ronsard*, a celebrated *French* poet, sent the author, as a mark of his respect and esteem, a pen of gold; and being ask'd his opinion of his work, he answer'd, *Du Bartas* has done more

in one week, than I have in the course of my whole life. Learned men wrote commentaries on it. Kings and princes invited the author to their courts, and shew'd him the greatest marks of respect. The *French* king sent him ambassador to *Scotland*, to king *James* the sixth, who could hardly be prevail'd upon to let him return; he even translated several parts of his poem into the language used in his time himself, and employed others to translate the rest. In a word, no author ever acquired more reputation and honour, from his poetical productions in his life time, than *Du Bartas*; who was the ornament of *France*, the delight of the ingenious and learned, the darling and favourite of princes, and the great restorer of sacred poetry to its antient and primitive lustre. From this celebrated author *Milton* has borrowed many lines. And do we yet wonder, that *Paradise Lost* is reckon'd so fine a poem, and is so vastly esteem'd, when we consider of what valuable materials it consists? It is true, some have entertain'd quite different sentiments of this performance, and have been eager in discovering faults, and profuse in censuring them: but even *Paradise Lost*, itself, has not acquir'd the implicit reverence of every reader; witness the several criticisms of *Dr. Bentley*, *Dr. Watts*, *Dr. Lamotte*, *Monfieur Rollin*, *Monfieur Voltaire*, the judi-

cious Mr. *Clarke* of *Hull*, and even Mr. *Pope* himself: so true is the proverb, *Quot homines, tot sententiæ*, and that other also, *Ne Jupiter ipse placet omnibus*. Besides the numberless fine thoughts *Milton* is indebted to this author for, he has contracted from him, his low trick of playing upon words, and his frequent use of technical terms; for which he has been often censur'd. For tho' this last may properly enough challenge a place in such a poem as *Du Bartas's*, which purposely treats of the creation, nature, and property of things; yet, in *Milton*, it appears only as an unnecessary ostentation of learning, purely calculated to amuse the illiterate part of his readers, and raise their wonder at the profundity of his erudition; but without giving the least addition to the real dignity or worth of his poem. Mr. *Addison* accounts for it upon much the same principle in the following words: "*Milton*,
 " says he, seems ambitious of letting us know,
 " by his excursions on free-will and predestina-
 " tion, and his many glances upon history,
 " astronomy, geography, and the like, as well
 " as by the terms and phrases he sometimes
 " makes use of, that he was acquainted with
 " the whole circle of arts and sciences." But if
 all these excrescencies were carefully lopt off,
Paradise Lost, so far from suffering from the
 amputation, would acquire new strength, and
 be

be read with more universal delight and approbation.

But to produce a few passages from *Du Bartas* and *Milton*. I affirm *Milton* has borrowed from him those lines (so much applauded by Mr. *Richardson*) which make part of his introduction.

———— And with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'ft brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'ft it pregnant. B, i. 20

Du Bartas, according to *Sylvester's* translation, writes thus.

So did God's spirit delight itself a space,
To move itself upon the floating mass :
Or, as a hen that fain would hatch a brood,
(Some of her own, some of adoptive blood)
Sits close thereon, and with her lively heat,
Of yellow-white balls doth live birds beget :
Even in such sort did seem the spirit eternal
To brood upon this gulf with care paternal,
Quick'ning the parts, inspiring pow'r in each,
From so foul lees so fair a world to fetch.

Here we have the idea of *brooding*, which Mr. *Richardson* so much admires, clearly expressed by *Du Bartas*. *Milton's* substituting a dove, in place of a hen, was no extraordinary alteration,

alteration, as he might either make it from the authority of sacred scripture, or, more probably, from the famous *Peter du Moulin's* hymn on the creation, in which are the following remarkable lines. The author was *Milton's* particular acquaintance.

*Nam sacer ingentes motabat spiritus alas
Gurgitis in facie, fecundo pectore grandi
Incumbens massæ, mundumque fovebat in ovo.
Qualiter ante alias Jovæ dilecta volucres
Incubitu puro mollis fovet ova columba,
Spem sobolis, pernoxque sedens, vi pectoris alma
Pullitiem niveis excludit sedula conchis.*

*For the blest Spirit mov'd his mighty wings
On the depth's surface, and with fruitful breast
O'er the huge mass incumbent, in an egg
Cherish'd the world. And so the gentle bird,
The dove, heav'n favour'd, with incubence pure,
Broods o'er her eggs, hope of her tender race!
And day and night sitting with ceaseless care,
From the white shell brings forth the callow young.*

Besides, *Milton* might find the word *brooding* in the very margin of his bible, (not to mention that *Ramsay* exhibits the same idea in his *incubat*, as *Du Moulin* in his *incubitu*) without supposing he gave himself the trouble of consulting the original *Hebrew*, as *Mr. Richardson* seems to insinuate.

In

In like manner, *Milton* takes from *Du Bartas* the hint of mentioning *Mount Horeb*, and *Moses* as the author of the history of the creation.

MILTON.

Sing, heav'nly muse! that on the *secret* top
Of *Oreb*, or of *Sinai*, did'st inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning, how the heav'ns and earth
Rose out of *Chaos*. P. L. B. i. 6

DU BARTAS,

Now, though the great duke, that (in dreadful awe)
Upon *Mount Horeb* learn'd th' eternal law,
Had not assur'd us that God's sacred pow'r
In six days built this universal bow'r;
Reason itself doth overthrow the grounds
Of those new worlds that fond *Leucyppus* founds.

And again, where he speaks of the promulgation of the law, and the dreadful majesty with which it was delivered;

Redoubled lightnings dazzle th' *Hebrews* eyes,
Cloud fund'ring thunder roars thro' earth and skies,
Louder and louder it careers and cracks,
And stately *Sinai's* massie centre shakes,
And turneth round, and on his *sacred top*,
A whirling flame round like a ball doth wrap.

From

From the *sacred top*, mentioned in the last passage, we may naturally infer the justness of Dr. Bentley's conjecture, that *Milton*, instead of *Sinai's secret top*, as all editions of *Paradise Lost* have it, dictated *sacred top*. *Milton* might deviate, without doubt, from his original, whenever he thought proper: but whether he did so or not, in the case before us, is the question.

Again, *Milton* has borrowed from this author, the long conference between *Adam* and *Michael*, which constitutes the greater part of the two last books of *Paradise Lost*. What *Milton* there ascribes to the angel, *Du Bartas* had attributed to *Adam*, informing his son *Seth* what was to happen in the world, till the consummation of all things. *Milton* has done little more than refin'd *Sylvestre's* language, the translator of *Du Bartas*, with a few additions and variations, according to his usual custom.

MILTON.

————— O! that men
(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
While yet the patriarch liv'd, who scap'd the flood,
As to forsake the living God, and fall
To worship their own work in wood, and stone,
For gods! P. L. B. xii. 115

DU BARTAS.

O strange to be believ'd ! the blessed race,
 The sacred flock, whom God by special grace
 Adopts for his, even they, alas ! most shameless,
 Do follow sin, most beastly brute and tameless,
 With lustful eyes chusing for wanton spouses
 Mens wicked daughters ; mingling so the houses
 Of *Seth* and *Cain*, preferring foolishly
 Frail beauties blaze to vertuous modesty.

And again,

Alas ! what may I of that race presume,
 Next th' ireful flame that shall this frame consume,
 Whose gut their god, whose lust their law shall be,
 Who shall not hear of God, nor yet of me ?
 Sith those, outrageous, that began their birth
 On th' holy groundfill of sweet *Eden's* earth,
 And yet the sound of heav'ns dread sentence hear,
 And as eye witness of mine exile were,
 Seem to despight God.——

MILTON.

To whom thus *Michael*. These are the product
 Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st,
 Where good with bad were match'd ; who of themselves
 Abhor to join: and by imprudence mix'd,
 Produce prodigious births, of body, or mind.
 Such were these giants ; men of high renown !
 For, in those days, might only shall be admir'd,
 And valor, and heroic virtue, call'd.

L

To

To overcome in battle, and subdue
 Nations, and bring home spoils, with infinite
 Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
 Of human glory; and for glory done
 Of triumph, to be styl'd great conquerors,
 Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods:
 Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men!

P. L. B. xi. 683

DU BARTAS.

From these profane foul cursed kisses, sprung
 A cruel brood! feeding on blood and wrong!
 Fell giants strange! of haughty hand and mind!
 Plagues of the world! and scourges of mankind!

If I should produce all the similar passages in
Milton and *Du Bartas*, my essay would know
 no bounds. Whoever considers the subjects of
 these two poets, cannot but perceive them per-
 fectly alike. I shall therefore just give the titles
 of *Du Bartas's* several poems, with a passage or
 two from some of them, and then leave the
 reader to draw what inference he pleases. His
 work is divided into weeks: The first contains
 an account of the creation of the world, at great
 length, which *Milton* has abridged in his seventh
 book, with a few additional hints from *Grotius*,
Ramsay, and *Ros.* The second has the follow-
 ing heads: 1. *Adam*, or *Eden*; the imposture,
 the furies, the handy-crafts. 2. *Noah*, or the
Ark;

Ark; *Babylon*, the colonies, the columns.
 3. *Abraham*, or the vocation; the fathers, the law, the captains. 4. *David*, or the trophies; the magnificence, the schism, the decay. The three last days of the second week are wanting, namely, *Sedechias*, *Messias*, and *the eternal sabbath*; death having prevented the pious author from finishing his plan.

From this short view of *Du Bartas's* subject, we may easily perceive, what extraordinary helps *Milton* might derive from it in composing his poem; and that he actually did make use of it, for this purpose, the proofs I have already produced are a sufficient demonstration: to which, however, I shall beg leave to add the following unexceptionable passage. *Milton*, in the tenth book of *Paradise Lost*, gives us the names of various kinds of serpents, into which he pretends the devils were transformed, because *Satan* had seduced *Eve* in the shape of one. This passage he has transcribed from *Du Bartas*.

MILTON.

Thick swarming now

With complicated monsters, head, and tail,

Scorpion, and *asp*, and *amphisbæna* dire,

Ceraustes horn'd, *Hydrus*, and *Elops* drear,

And *Dipsas*. —————

P. L. B. x. 522

DU BARTAS.

——— O! wert thou pleas'd to form
 Th' inamell'd scorpion, and the viper-worm;
 Th' horned Ceraſtes, th' Alexandrian ſkink;
 Th' Adder, and Drynas, full of odious ſtink;
 Th' Eſt, Snake, and Dipsas, cauſing deadly thirſt:
 Why haſt thou arm'd them with a rage ſo curſt?
 And, in the childhood of the world, did bring
 Th' *Amphiſbena* with double baneful ſting?

Milton proceeds to mention huge *Python*, after his horned *Ceraſtes*, *Amphiſbæna*, *Dipsas*, and *Scorpion*, which are common to him with the *French* poet. *Dr. Bentley* thinks the whole paſſage ſpurious, and the interpolation of an ignorant editor; and, tho' *Milton* had actually introduced the whole catalogue of ſerpents, mentioned by *Aldrovandus*, in his treatiſe *de Serpentibus*, is of opinion, that his poem, inſtead of acquiring any true worth from thence, would only have been ſo much the worſe. The doctor further remarks, that amongſt his ſerpents, he has brought in a jumble of fiſhes and inſects; as, on other occaſions, he mixes devils with deities, and truth with fiction; writing at random, and taking his information at ſecond hand.

This

This reminds me of just such another passage in the eleventh book, where we have a tedious catalogue of names of places, cities, and countries, which *Milton* supposes the angel pointed out to *Adam*; and this *Dr. Bentley*, in like manner, accounts spurious as the former, that is, *unworthy of admission, and quite foreign to the nature of the poem*. He adds facetiously, that such a list of places might be of use in a six-penny map, for the instruction of a *Tyro* in geography, but no where else. The truth is, *Milton* has borrowed almost the whole passage from some verses of *Staphorstius*, subjoined to his encomium on marriage, with a design to shew, that the obligation of matrimony is binding in all places of the world; for that formidable verse,

Of *Cambalu*, seat of *Cathaian Can*! B. xi. 388

with a few others, are taken from *Du Bartas*. In *Staphorstius* they are useful, in *Milton* quite otherwise. This shews, by the way, the excellency of *Dr. Bentley's* criticisms on *Paradise Lost*, which have heretofore been quite disregarded, as the chimæra's of a madman; because the critic, by an uncommon force of genius and penetration, plainly perceived what was

proper for an epic poem, and what not ; and had the courage and honesty, freely to communicate to the world, his sentiments on that subject, notwithstanding the stream of popular prejudice was against him.

Milton, in the beginning of his seventh book, invokes *Urania*, (the muse feigned by the poets to preside over sacred subjects) to guide and direct him in the progress of his work, the hint of which he has plainly borrowed from *Du Bartas*.

MILTON.

Descend from heav'n, *Urania* ! (by that name
If rightly thou art call'd) whose voice divine
Following, above th' *Olympian* hill I soar,
Above the flight of *Pegasean* wing.

—— So fail not thou, who thee implores :
For thou art heav'nly, she an empty dream.

P. L. B. vii. 1 and 38

DU BARTAS.

The scorn of art, of *Helicon* the shame,
Usurping wrong *Urania*'s sacred name:
Through thee, she's heav'nly——

Besides the mention *Du Bartas* makes of *Urania* in this place, he also wrote a poem, entitled *Urania*, or the heavenly muse, where he prefers writing on sacred subjects, to all others ;
which,

which, perhaps, amongst other things, might give *Milton* the hint of composing a divine poem: but be that as it will, I am now of opinion, that the world is by this time pretty well acquainted with *Milton's Urania*, which appears to have been no other, than a library well stored with poetical authors; tho' hitherto, (such has been the partiality of mankind in this particular, together with the profound silence of the author) *Paradise Lost* has been thought to be the work of a single genius.

But to conclude this head. From this author, *Milton* has borrowed many elegant phrases, and single words, which were thought to be peculiar to him, or rather coin'd by him; such as, *palpable darknefs*, and a thousand others. In short, as I observ'd before, *Milton* has us'd this work of *Du Bartas*, as a mine producing gold, silver, and precious stones, and sometimes pebbles and trash. There is also a commentary on this work, call'd a summary of *Du Bartas*, a book full of prodigious learning, and many curious observations on all arts and sciences; from whence *Milton* has derived a multiplicity of fine hints, scattered up and down his poem, especially in philosophy and theology.

From *Heywood's* hierarchy of angels, he has borrowed this verse, which so often occurs in his poem,

Thrones, dominations, principdoms, virtues, pow'rs.

Heywood's Latin, in a beautiful frontispiece, is,

Throni, dominationes, principatus, virtutes, potestates,

which no school boy could translate more literally. This same author, in his sixth book, exhibits an account of *Lucifer's* fall from heaven, the battle of the angels, and the seduction of man; all in a paraphrastical way, as these subjects are deliver'd to us in scripture: he also enumerates the different ranks of angels, to some of which *Milton* frequently alludes.

From the excellent *Mr. Sandy's* travels, *Mr. Fenton*, in his notes on *Waller's* poems, assures us he has taken a multitude of fine hints.

But to shew the reader what exquisite pains *Milton* has taken, to expiscate whatever could be any way serviceable to his design, he has copied from one of the eclogues of *Baptista Mantuanus*, translated into *English* by *George Turberville*, the exact space of time in which the rebel hosts were falling from heaven to the fiery gulf.

MILTON.

MILTON.

Nine days they fell : confounded *Chaos* roar'd,
 And felt ten-fold confusion in their fall,
 Through his wild anarchy. P. L. B. vi. 871

TURBERVILLE.

Nay, rather, 'twas the cruel'st imp,
 And spiteful'st fiend of hell,
 Of those with Lucifer that from
 The skies to dungeon fell ;
 That *nine days space* were tumbling down.

In like manner, *Milton* has copied a beautiful passage, in his second book, from a perfect romance, where, describing the gates of hell, he says,

—— On a sudden open fly,
 With impetuous recoil, and jarring sound,
 Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
 Harsh thunder.—— B. ii. 879

In the history of *Don Bellianis*, when one of the knights approaches the castle of *Brandezar*, the gates are said to open, *grating harsh thunder upon their brazen hinges*. And, indeed, if we may credit the assertion of Mr. *Peck*, *Milton* has dealt very liberally in books of this kind : for the whole plan of *Paradise Lost*, according to that author, is taken from a romance, entitled, *Gusman de Alfarache*, or the *Spanish Rogue*;
 and

and he is as positive of this, as if he had been standing at the poet's elbow, when he was first engaging in the work. That *Milton* had that romance in his eye, amongst a thousand other helps, is plain from a long similar passage, and a very strong one, in *Paradise Lost*, and the *Spanish Rogue*, adduc'd by Mr. Peck.*

Dr. *Zachary Pearce*, now bishop of Bangor, is of opinion, that *Milton* took the first hint of his design of writing a tragedy, upon the subject of his poem, from an *Italian* tragedy, called, *Il Paradiso Perso*, still extant, and printed many years before he entered upon this work. And, indeed, I have been informed by several persons of unquestionable judgment and veracity, that almost all that is admir'd as lofty and sublime, in *Milton's* description of the battle of the angels, in his sixth book, is wholly transcribed from this tragedy; where are to be seen the picture of the battle, and the final defeat of *Lucifer*, with his expulsion out of heaven, as described and delineated in *Paradise Lost*. Mr. *Addison* also makes no scruple to acknowledge, that *Milton* frequently borrows hints from *Tasso*, as others affirm he has done from *Dante*. So that, considering the evidences of this doctrine, it perhaps may be asserted, without a falsehood, or any in-

* *Peck's* new memoirs of Mr. *John Milton*, p. 54 and 58, justice

justice to *Milton*, that he is not the original author of any one single thought in *Paradise Lost*; but has only digested into order the thoughts of others, and cloathed them in an elegant *English* dress: though one might wish he had often been more cautious, what authors he made choice of, since it is certain, amongst many fine sentiments, he has given admission to low images, according to the nature and subject of the writer whom he copied. Now if *Milton* was so industrious (as we see he has been) to select an elegant thought, here and there, from writers of the lowest class, as it is reported of *Virgil*, that he collected gold from the dung of *Ennius*; how much more careful would he be, to convert to his use works wholly sterling, so far as they were subservient to his purpose? *Masenius*, *Grotius*, *Ramsay*, *Ross*, *Barlaeus*, *Du Bartas*, *Taubmannus*, and others, have given irrefragable testimony against him,

I think it is now abundantly plain, from proofs and citations, that *Milton* has had all the above-mentioned authors in his view, in composing his *Paradise Lost*. But to set this matter beyond all contradiction, it may be proper to inform my reader, that the very year after *Milton's* death, namely, 1675, a book was published by *Edward Phillips*, *Milton's* maternal nephew, entitled,

entitled, *Theatrum poetarum*, or a compleat collection of the poets, both ancient and modern; which performance is, very probably, nothing else, but a short account of all the poetical authors in his uncle's library; of which he had the perfect use and knowledge, by his having been employed by him, as an *Amanuensis*, in writing out his *Paradise Lost*. In the exercise of this office he must have been privy to the secret practice of his uncle in rifling the treasures of others: and that he was privy to it, I think, is manifest, from his passing over in silence, in the abovementioned piece, such authors as *Milton* was most obliged to; or, if he chanced to mention them, doing it in the most slight and superficial manner imaginable; *Du Bartas* alone excepted. Of this I shall produce a few instances.

Mr. *Phillips*, in the supplement to this work, where he gives us an account of the matrimonial pieces of *Jacobus Catzius* (which have been formerly mentioned, as translated into *Latin* verse by *Cornelius Boetius*, and *Caspar Barlaeus*) exhibits a particular detail of all of them, except that entitled, *Paradisus*, or a poem on the marriage of *Adam* and *Eve*. Now, why he should expressly enumerate all the rest, and leave that alone unmentioned, though deserving the first place

place on more accounts than one, would, I believe, puzzle the wit of man to account for any other way, than by supposing that he was afraid, lest by making mention of a poem, entitled *Paradisus*, translated by so celebrated a poet as *Barlaeus*, he should excite the jealousy, and awake the curiosity of scholars to peep into it, and consequently lay a fair foundation for discovering his uncle's resources. And for the same reason, doubtless, he omits the tragedy above-mentioned, *Il Paradiso Perso*, or *Paradise Lost*.

In like manner, Mr. *Phillips* passes over the *Paradisus, sive Hortus Adami*, of *Joannes Major*, and the *Bellum Angelicum* of *Fridericus Taubmannus*; the latter of whom he observes, "ought not wholly to be left out of the number of poets." But had he been at liberty to express his real sentiments, he would, surely, have given him a better character, and preferred him to several others he has extolled for their poetical abilities; as the passages, which I have selected from the work of his younger days, will demonstrate to every judicious reader.

Upon the same principle, he transiently notices professor *Ramsay's* fine work. Hear his own words, "*Andreas Ramseus*, a Scotch Latin versifier, of whom what is extant, or at least attainable,

tainable, is to be found, in a collection, entitled, *Deliciae Poetarum Scotorum*." Thus he, falsely, in all respects: for his poems were printed several years before they were inserted in that general collection, as we have shewn above; and the reverend and learned author deserves a much better character, than that of a *Scotch Latin* versifier. But thus he treated him in order to disguise the truth, which is ever unacceptable to persons engaged in a bad cause. Had he told us plain matter of fact, namely, that he wrote four books in *Latin* verse, in a most elegant manner, *on the creation of the world, man's happiness in the state of innocence, the fall of man, and man's redemption by Christ*, (subjects intirely similar with his uncle's poem) it might have been attended with dangerous consequences; and, therefore, he wisely declined troubling the public, with such an unnecessary piece of information. We have already seen the fine encomium bestowed on *Ramsay's* excellent work, as well by *Olaus Borrichius*, a foreigner, as by *Dr. Arthur Johnston* his countryman, both as competent judges as *Mr. Phillips*, or even *Milton* himself.

For the same reason, *Mr. Phillips* makes no particular mention of the *Adamus Exsul* of *Grotius*, when he speaks of the poetical performances of that incomparable author; no more than he
does

does of the *Baptistes* of *Buchanan*, though he could not but be conscious that there were such applauded pieces extant. Again, when he gives us a catalogue of *Thomas Heywood's* poetical pieces, he affects to do it very minutely; but suppresses the most elaborate, namely, his hierarchy of angels, and the fall of *Lucifer*, addressed to *Henrietta Maria*, consort of king *Charles* the first: a work full of great learning, and many curious observations, though the poetry is low and heavy.

From all which instances, it is plain, that *Mr. Phillips* has very industriously concealed, whatever he fancied might in the least contribute, to make a discovery of *Milton's* plagiarism. Yet this gentleman was not so favourable in cases where he was not interested; but was extremely forward and eager to accuse others, even wrongfully, as he does poor *Quarles* for translating the *Pia Desideria* of *Hermannus Hugo*, and publishing it in his own name. This charge, I say, is false and groundless. *Quarles*, indeed, borrows the emblems from the *Pia Desideria*, but has substituted sentiments of his own, vastly inferior to those of the jesuit, as we are informed by the reverend *Mr. Arwaker*, who has favoured the world with an *English* version of these sacred elegies. One *Mr. Barton*, indeed, has pub-

published in his own name, subjoined to his scripture hymns, Mr. *Sandys's* admirable paraphrase on the *Song of Solomon*, which evidently shews what tricks are commonly play'd this way. The prettiest epigram in lord *Lansdown's* poems, entitled *liberality*, is borrowed from one in *Martial*, and that without the least intimation of its being either translated or imitated from any author whatever. *Martial's* epigram begins thus,

Callidus effractâ nummos fur auferet aurâ.

Now, if persons of such exalted stations, who have honour and a character to risque, scruple not to be guilty of such mean arts; what may not be expected from those of an inferior rank? *Crasshawe's* musical duel, the best poem in his collection, is, in like manner, translated from *Strada* the jesuit, without the least distant hint that it was so.

I must, after all, do Mr. *Phillips* the justice to own, that for once he has dealt ingenuously, where he informs us, that *Hieronimus Zieglerus* was the author of a tragedy, called *Samson*, as well as some others in *Milton's* list; namely, *Protoplastes*, or the *Fall of Man*, the *Immolation of Isaac*, and the *Eliada*. Whether this tragedy of *Samson*, by *Ziegler*, is the same with
Milton's,

Milton's, I am not able to determine; as I have not yet procured a copy of it: but there is the strongest reason to suppose, that he is no more the original author of *Samsen*, than he is of *Paradise Lost*, and *The life and death of John the Baptist*; which last, as Mr. *Peck* has demonstrated, is a literal translation of the *Baptistes of Buchanan*.

I cannot omit observing here, that *Milton's* contrivance, of teaching his daughters to read, but to read only, several learned languages, plainly points the same way, as Mr. *Phillips's* secreting and suppressing the books to which his uncle was most obliged. *Milton* well knew the loquacious and incontinent spirit of the sex, and the danger, on that account, of intrusting them with so important a secret as his unbounded plagiarism: he, therefore, wisely confined them to the knowledge of the words and pronunciation only, but kept the sense and meaning to himself.

From this point, so clearly stated and supported, it is no difficult task to reply to *Andrew Marvell's judicious query*, addressed to the author of *Paradise Lost*, in his commendatory verses prefixed to that poem;

M

Where

Where could'st thou words of such a compass find?

Whence furnish such a vast expence of mind?

The answer is obvious, namely, *from every author who wrote any thing before him, suitable to his purpose, either in prose or verse, sacred or profane*: which is a much more proper solution, than that assigned by *Marvell* himself, who, immediately after; adds,

Just heav'n thee, like *Tiresias*, to requite,

Rewards with *prophecy* thy loss of sight.

But this was natural enough, where a knowledge of his resources was wholly wanting.

Mr. Peck assures us, that he has in his possession a picture of *Milton* when but 25 years old, with a book before him, having this inscription, *Paradise Lost*; which makes it evident, that he had formed a design to write upon this subject, at that early part of life. We may, therefore, certainly infer, that our author, like a wise master-builder collected all the necessary materials for such a structure, and, particularly, made his travelling into foreign countries subservient to this great purpose; and in this he was greatly commendable: but then, his industrious concealment of his helps, his peremptory

remptory disclaiming all manner of assistance, is highly ungenerous, nay, criminal to the last degree, and absolutely unworthy of any man of common probity and honour. By this mean practice, indeed, he has acquired the title of the *BRITISH HOMER*; nay, has been preferred to *Homer* and *Virgil* both, and, consequently, to every other poet of every age and nation. *Cowley*, *Waller*, *Denham*, *Dryden*, *Prior*, *Pope*, in comparison with *Milton*, have bore no greater proportion than that of dwarfs to a giant; who, now he is reduced to his true standard, appears mortal and uninspired, and in ability little superior to the poets abovementioned; but in honesty and open dealing, the best quality of the human mind, not inferior, perhaps, to the most unlicensed plagiarist that ever wrote.

As I am sensible, this will be deemed most outrageous usage of the divine, the immortal *Milton*, the prince of *English* poets, and the incomparable author of *Paradise Lost*; I take this opportunity to declare, in the most solemn manner, that a strict regard to *TRUTH* alone, and to do justice to those authors whom *Milton* has so liberally gleaned, without making the least distant acknowledgment to whom he stood indebted: I declare, I say, that these motives, and these only, have induced me to make this

attack upon the reputation and memory of a person, hitherto universally applauded and admired for his uncommon poetical genius; and not any difference of country, or of sentiments in political or religious matters, as some weak and ignorant minds may imagine, or some malicious persons be disposed to suggest. And if, in the course of this essay, I may be thought not to have sufficiently confined myself within the bounds of decency and moderation, I must intreat the zealous abettors of *Milton* to consider, how very liberally he himself dealt his thunder on all with whom he happened to be engaged; and,

SUA QUISQUE EXEMPLA DEBET ÆQUO ANIMO PATI.

F I N I S.



POSTSCRIPT.

WHEN this essay was almost finished, the splendid edition of *PARADISE LOST*, so long promised by the reverend Dr. *Newton*, fell into my hands; of which I had, however, so little use, that as it would be injustice to censure, it would be flattery to commend it: and I should have totally forborn the mention of a book that I have not read, had not one passage, at the conclusion of the life of *MILTON*, excited in me too much pity and indignation to be suppressed in silence.

“ *Deborah*, *MILTON*’s youngest daughter,” says the editor, “ was married to Mr. *Abraham Clarke*, a weaver in *Spittle-fields*, and died in *August 1727*, in the 76th year of her age. “ She had ten children. *Elizabeth*, the youngest, “ was married to Mr. *Thomas Foster*, a weaver “ in *Spittle-fields*, and had seven children, who “ are all dead; and she herself is aged about “ *sixty*, and weak and infirm. She seemeth to “ be

P O S T S C R I P T.

“ be a *good plain sensible woman*, and has con-
 “ firmed several particulars related above, and
 “ informed me of some others, which she had
 “ often heard from her mother.” These the
 doctor enumerates, and then adds; “ in all
 “ probability MILTON’s whole family will be
 “ *extinct* with her, and he can *live* only in his
 “ writings. And *such is the caprice of fortune*,
 “ this *grand-daughter* of a MAN, who will be
 “ an everlasting glory to the nation, has now for
 “ *some years*, with her husband, kept a *little*
 “ *chandler’s or grocer’s shop*, for their subsis-
 “ tence, lately at the lower *Holloway*, in the road
 “ between *Highgate* and *London*, and at pre-
 “ sent in *Cock Lane*, not far from *Shoreditch*
 “ *Church*.”

That this relation is true, cannot be questi-
 oned:---but, surely, the honour of letters, the
 dignity of sacred poetry, the spirit of the *English*
 nation, and the glory of human nature, require
 ---that it should be true no longer. In an age, in
 which statues are erected to the honour of this great
 writer, in which his effigy has been diffused on me-
 dals, and his work propagated by translations, and
 illustrated by commentaries; in an age, which,
 amidst all its vices, and all its follies, has not
 become infamous for want of charity: it may
 be, surely, allowed to hope, that the living re-
 mains

POSTSCRIPT.

mains of MILTON will be no longer suffered to languish in distress. It is yet in the power of a great people, to reward the poet whose name they boast, and from their alliance to whose genius, they claim some kind of superiority to every other nation of the earth; that poet, whose works may possibly be read when every other monument of *British* greatness shall be obliterated; to reward him—not with pictures, or with medals, which, if he sees, he sees with contempt, but—with tokens of gratitude, which he, perhaps, may even now consider as not unworthy the regard of an immortal spirit. And, surely, to those, who refuse their names to no other scheme of expence, it will not be unwelcome, that a SUBSCRIPTION is proposed, for relieving, in the languor of age, the pains of disease, and the contempt of poverty, the granddaughter of the author of PARADISE LOST. Nor can it be questioned, that, if I, who have been marked out as the ZOILUS of MILTON, think this regard due to his posterity, the design will be warmly seconded by those, whose lives have been employed, in discovering his excellencies, and extending his reputation.

S U B-



SUBSCRIPTIONS,

FOR THE RELIEF OF

Mrs. ELIZABETH FOSTER,

Grand-daughter to JOHN MILTON,

are taken in by

Mr. DODSLEY, in Pall-mall.

Mess. COX and COLLINGS, under the Royal Exchange.

Mr. CAVE, at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, and

Mess. PAYNE and BOUQUET, in Pater-noster-row.